McKean County Miner.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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State Library 1July09

HENRY BRITTON BADLY INJURED ON R. R. TRACK

Struck by Shawmut Engine near the Creamery Tuesday Morning.

SKULL FRACTURED, FOOT CRUSHED.

Was Watching a Runaway and Did Not See or Hear the Train—He is in a Serious Condition but Has Chance for Recovery.

Henry Britton met with an accident on the P., S. & N. tracks on Water street, near the creamery, at about 7:30 Tuesday morning which may cost the old gentleman his life. While watching a runaway he was run down by a freight train and suffered a slight fracture of the skull and a badly crushed foot.

Mr. Britton, who makes his home with his son-in-law, Walter Daly, on Mechanic street, started for the creamery to get some buttermilk. He was walking along the P., S. & N. tracks when his attention was attracted by a horse which belongs to John Bush, that had been frightened and was attempting to run away. The horse had become frightened by this train which was doing some switching and as it ran around the creamery building the wagon was partially overturned and the milk cans thrown out. Mr. Britton became so interested in this accident that he forgot all about his own danger. The engineer on the approaching train undoubtedly thought he was about to turn off the track to the creamery and therefore did not blow the whistle until very near the old gentleman.

When it was realized that he was in danger an attempt was made to stop the engine, but it was too late. The old gentleman was struck by the side of the engine and knocked into the ditch on the north side of the track. In the fall his right foot got under the wheels and the toes of that member were badly crushed. He also received an ugly scalp wound on the left side of his head about two inches above the ear and his skull was slightly fractured at that point.

The train was immediately stopped and the crew picked the unfortunate up. He was placed in a rig handy by and taken to Dr. Hamilton's office, who decided it was best to take him home before dressing his wounds. The injury to his head was first given attention and it was found to be only a slight fracture. The foot was badly crushed and it was found necessary to amputate all the toes and take out some of the bones in the instep.

Although Mr. Britton is seventy-five years of age, he withstood the shock as well as most men at half his age would and his chances for recovery are very good, unless some complication should arise before his wounds begin to heal.

Paving Progressing.

The work of paving Main street is progressing rapidly at the present time and unless it receives some set back the chances are we will have a greater part of the business portion finished before September 15, when the fair and races open.

On Monday the corrugated steel tile for the cross sewers arrived and a large force of men are at work putting it in. The grading for five blocks is practically completed and this part of the work for three more is well under way. Most of the curb has been set for four blocks, which gives plenty of lead for the concrete and brick gangs to work.

Yesterday morning a gang of men started putting on concrete, commencing in front of St. Elizabeth's church and going west. In a few days another concrete mixer will be put in operation and then the work will progress very rapidly, although at the present rate they can cover about two blocks a week.

After the concrete sets for about a week the brick will be laid and after that it will only be a few days before such parts of the street will be open for travel. The street has been in awful condition for several weeks, but it is well worth while considering the future improvement.

Excursion via Shawmut Line to Riverhurst and Rock City, Sunday Aug. 30.

Sunday, August 30th, P., S. & N. will run special excursion to Rock City and Riverhurst Parks. Train leaves Smethport 11:13 a. m. Round trip fare to Riverhurst 75 cents, to Rock City $1.00.

Williamsport Commercial College.

Fall term begins September first. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Preparatory school. Trial lessons free. 150 calls received for office help last year. Write for catalogue.

F. F. HEALEY, Proprietor. 2t

Stenographer Wanted.

Position open for a competent male stenographer who is a good scholar. Write to "Manager," Box 96, Olean, N. Y.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

Colegrove Booming.

Colegrove is one of the richest valleys in variety of minerals in the state of Pennsylvania. Besides oil and gas coal and salt in considerable quantities have been found there and it would be no surprise to those who know it, if it should become one of the most important points in the state. It was opened up by Jonathan Colegrove in 1815, one of the oldest pioneer families in western Pennsylvania and later was followed by the Gallup family. All in all it is quite probable that more riches have been taken out of this township, Norwich, up to this time than any other section of McKean county not excepting the Bradford section, about the richest in the state says the Port Allegany Reporter.

The little hamlet has come into prominence within the past few days, by the decision of the Standard Oil company to lay a twelve-inch pipe line from Colegrove to Robinson, Ill., and the placing of the largest order of twelve-inch pipe ever given in this or any other country. The United States Steel company at Pittsburg gets the job. Colegrove is the center of an oil and gas producing territory a spur in the Bradford territory and some pretty good wells have been opened up there. It's a minature tank town and the Standard Oil company is doing much work there now in the way of improvements. The leases are pretty well divided up, Smethport capitalists owning much of the production. C. A. Anderson has the leading store there and is one of the influential men of the town. He has the enterprise to meet any improvement made in his territory and the Reporter sends him congratulations. The Heinemann Company owns the [illegible] chemical works there and outside the oil production is the leading industry.

Powell-Biever Nuptials.

At the home of the bride's father, Henry Biever, on Water street, this borough, Wednesday, August 26, at high noon, Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church spoke the words which united for life Margaret A., the youngest daughter of Henry Biever and Alfred Powell, of Clarksburg, W. Va. The wedding was a quiet one only the members of the two families being present.

The bride is a popular young lady who has always resided in this borough. She is a graduate of the Smethport High Schools, being a member of the class of '04. The groom is a well-known young man who until a short time ago, has resided in Smethport for the past ten years or more, learning the glass making trade here. Both have a host of friends here who unite with the MINER in wishing them a long life of happiness.

After the ceremony several of their friends paid them a call and assisted in making merry until they left for their honeymoon trip which will include Philadelphia, Atlantic City and other points. We understand they intend to make their future home at Clarksburg, where Mr. Powell is employed.

Death of Mrs. Heinlein.

Mrs. Anna K. Heinlein, relict of the late Frederick Heinlein, died at the home of her son, M. W. Heinlein on Cemetery street, this borough on Thursday Aug. 20, at the advanced age of 82 years. The cause of her death was heart trouble and she had only been sick a very short time.

Miss Anna K. Deahl was born in Germany in 1826 and in 1848 came to Pittsburg, soon after, marrying her late husband. To them were born five children, three of whom survive to mourn her loss, namely, M. W. Heinlein of this borough, Mrs. Jennie Stark and Mrs. Mary Tubbs, both of Olean. In 1879 the deceased moved with her family to Farmers Valley where they settled and resided until the death of her husband. Since that time she has lived with her son a greater portion of the time.

Mrs. Heinlein was a woman who had a great many friends who will unite with her children in mourning her demise. She was always kind and gentle in her manner and a true friend to her friends.

The funeral services were held on Sunday at the Farmers Valley church, Rev. Smith officiating and her remains were laid at rest in the Smith cemetery.

School Announcement.

The fall term of school will convene on Monday, August 31. Parents are requested to send their children on the opening day. The idea that the first day is unimportant is false. Those whose birthdays occur before Jan. 1, 1909, will be admitted. The laws regarding vaccination and regular attendance will be rigidly enforced. Special examination for those who have already been granted the privilege of taking them will be given on Friday, August 28.

T. T. ALLEN, Prin.

If you are thinking of going to a Normal School this coming year, it will be to your advantage to patronize a well established and thoroughly reputable school. The Lock Haven State Normal School meets these requirements. The Fall term begins Sept. 7th. Send for its catalogue to the Principal.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

LEARN TO ASK QUESTIONS

HERE is one of the most valuable things you will ever learn: You can save yourself years of effort by utilizing the knowledge and experience of others. What it takes a man ten years to learn may take him only a minute to tell. If you ask him a question that will draw out his convictions, you can get the same thought you would probably reach if you went over the same ground he did. You can, as it were, begin where he left off.

A man spent thirty years perfecting the telephone, but I can pick it up and use it in an instant. If I had to invent one myself before I could use it I would lose valuable time doing something that has already been done.

Don't ask stupid or impertinent questions, as that would cost you the confidence of the person you ask, and shut off the help he might be willing to render you.

The kind of questions that bring out the most information are specific questions, thoughtfully asked, and sometimes involving fundamentals. It is a good practice to try the different kinds of questions until you learn which are the best. Always remember that asking intelligent questions is an art—a valuable accomplishment.

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To Amend Constitution.

A number of amendments to the Constitution of Pennsylvania will be voted on at the election in 1909. Some of these are intended to abolish spring elections and have city, borough and township officers voted for in November.

If they are voted on affirmatively it will change the terms of city, county, borough and township officers to four years that are now three years and those that are one year to two years. It would also change the term of state treasurer from two years to four years, and of the auditor general from three years to four years. Aldermen, justices of the peace and constables would have terms of six years instead of five. School directors in boroughs and townships would have terms of four years as would councilmen in boroughs.

The terms of sheriff, district attorney, county commissioners, county controller register of wills, clerk of the courts, register of deeds, county surveyor, coroner and treasurer would be four years each.

Another amendment proposes the consolidation of the prospective courts of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, increases the debt limit from seven to ten per cent. The amendments were passed at the last session and are being advertised now, the intent of the law being to let the people understand them so they can instruct the members of the legislature who will have a vote on them the second time they come up for consideration. These will have to be passed at the session which begins next January and if they pass then they will be submitted to popular vote in the fall of 1909.

An important point in the amendment is that the term of city, borough or township officers shall begin the first Monday of December, following the election at which they are chosen.—Exchange.

Mrs. Mary E. Warfle.

Mary E. Warfle, widow of Ira Warfle, died at the family home on Marvin Creek at 8 p. m., Monday, August 17th, after an illness of about two months' duration of bowel troubles, in her 70th year.

The funeral was held at 1 p. m., Wednesday, when after services at the residence, the Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins, of the Hazelhurst M. E. church, officiating, the remains were laid to rest beside those of her husband in the Kasson cemetery.

The deceased was the daughter of James and Huldah Heacock, and was a native of Steuben county, N. Y. On June 18th, 1854, she was united in marriage with Ira Warfle, with whom she established a home at Woodhull, N. Y., where they resided for about three years when they located on the farm which has since been their home, and from which they have both embarked on that journey which knows of no return, the husband dying May 23d of the present year.

The deceased is survived by the following children: Mrs. George Richards of Kasson, Mrs. Phoebe Housler, Norman H. Warfle and Mrs. McKinzie of Hazelhurst.

In the death of Mrs. Warfle the valley loses another of its oldest and most highly respected residents, and a woman beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas, skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

18tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

26 Years Success.

Westbrook Academy, Olean, will begin its 27th year, Sept. first, with a list of more than 8000 graduates.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

The following letter of September 24th is from Sergt. Hadley:

Yesterday morning a grand salute of 100 hundred guns was fired in honor of Sheridan's second victory. One hundred shotted guns from each battery rained on the rebel works causing the dust to fly around the heads of the Johnny's. During the intervals one of the rebels roared out "For God's sake stop that firing and you may have your cattle back!" having reference, no doubt, to the cattle stolen from us at City Point. After the firing had ceased, one of the Johnny's said: "what was that infernal firing for?" Only a salute for Gen. Sheridan. "A d——d pretty salute; here you have knocked down half our tents and covered the rest up in dust." Our picket lines are scarcely forty yards in many places; and notwithstanding the positive orders against it, the men trade tobacco, knives and papers. A few more such victories as that of Sherman's, Farragut's and Sheridan's, and the rebellion is done for ever. I wish some of those weak-kneed peace men could be here and hear the shout that goes up from the thousands of war-worn veterans when the news of victory comes along the line. That shout is the death-knell to all their hope of peace. No, sir, let them not lay that flattering unction to their pious souls; there will be no peace until the rebels are conquered and we dictate terms of peace to them, not they to us. We propose to whip the Southern traitors in the field and the Northern traitors at home, by the re-election of Mr. Lincoln for President of the United States. If I mistake not, I saw in the columns of the MINER the district and county nominations, which I think is incomplete. I think there should have been another coroner nominated to bury the remains of the defunct Democratic party; but probably the fact was taken into consideration that "Little Mac" was very handy with the spade, and rightly conceived if he buried as many members of the Democratic party as he buried soldiers on his route to Richmond, and his "splendid retreats" there would be none left above ground.

The Opening.

On Tuesday September 8th, the Clarion State Normal School at Clarion, Pa., will open for its twenty-second year. If you are thinking of going away to school it will pay you to write at once for a catalog. The terms are very low. Clarion graduates are occupying the very best positions in the various professions. J. George Becht, Principal.

Notice to Voters.

Geo. Hyde, register and assessor for the borough will be at the regular polling place in the court house on Sept. 1st and 2d, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. and 6 and 9 p. m., for the purpose of making such additions to the registry and assessment as may be necessary.

For Sale.

Dining room table, gas stoves, book cases, desks, etc., at the residence of

DR. J. C. BROWN.

Moving to Williamsport.

For Rent.

On account of sickness will rent, September 1st, flat of F. A. Mason; also desire to dispose of part of furnishings. Will sell cheap. M. C. PETERS.

Notice.

The person or parties who borrowed my red rooster better return same or the price, and no questions asked.

H. E. SPRING, Boro.

For Sale.

New milchs cow. For particulars inquire of

MRS. CAROLINE WASHBURN,
East Smethport, Pa.

GET READY FOR BIG McKEAN CO. FAIR AND RACES

Remember the Dates are September 15, 16, 17 and 18.

MANY BIG ATTRACTIONS SECURED.

McKean County Schools Field Day a New Feature—The Mt. Jewett Herald Gives Sound Advice to the People Interested in this County.

Two weeks from next Tuesday marks the opening of the fourth annual McKean County Fair and Races, held at Smethport, and four big days of good sport and instruction. Heretofore the opening day has lacked attracting features, but this year it will be one of the best if not the very best day of the fair.

The program for that day has not been fully completed but it is enough to know that the McKean County Schools Field Day events will be pulled off on Tuesday. These events are creating a great deal of interest throughout the county and we expect that every school in the county will be represented. Aside from these events it is the intention to have one or two horse races, together with the free vaudeville attractions in front of the grand stand and unusually big midway attractions.

The free vaudeville attractions this year are a Japanese troupe of acrobats, six in number, and Scott's Creole Quartette, in singing, dancing and cake walk stunts. The Japanese troupe give six different acts each day on the platform in front of the grand stand and the Scotts do all their work on the same platform. Both attractions are very highly recommended and will entertain the people between track events and races, so there will not be a dull moment.

Everything points to a large list of exhibits this year. The constantly increasing interest taken by citizens all over the county, especially farmers and stock raisers, practically insures a larger variety of exhibits than any previous year.

The following sound argument is taken from last week's Mt. Jewett Herald:

The fifteenth of September will witness the opening of the county fair at Smethport, and for four days the people of this county will be given an opportunity, not only to witness a fine display of the products of our farms and gardens, stalls, pens and paddocks, but as well, to exhibit their own loyalty to the county by their presence and co-operation.

A county fair, conducted as is the fair of McKean county, is not a money-making scheme, and should not be considered in that light any more than is our public school system. County fair week is graduating week—commencement exercises for the farmer wherein he should display the products of his toil and experience, and above all, wherein he should gather, not from the exhibits alone, but also from the exhibitors, every atom of available information that may assist him in beginning the next season with a better understanding of the possibilities and requirements for a higher success upon his own acres.

Advancement of the lot of the farmer, and through him the advancement of the lot of every other man, is the prime object of a county fair. And the question naturally arises, how are you to secure your proportion of this advantage—how are you to perform your part in the general up-lift, if you be not present?

The truth is, you cannot, and this leaves but one correct course open to the man who claims to have an interest in his county—and that course leads to the fair grounds along about the fifteenth day of September.

One trouble with the public in this connection is that, from a desire to make fair week both a matter of pleasure and profit to the farmer and the members of his family, those in charge have added to the regular exhibits of the farm, a long line of amusements, and the general public has come to look upon these as the most important features of the fair, but this a mistake.

The people of the towns and cities have it within their power to attend places of amusement on many occasions, while the farmer has no such opportunities, and this addition of amusements to the fair proper finds its excuse in this fact. But the people of the towns should bear in mind that the real aim of a county fair is much above that of amusing any one—in fact it is a very serious matter.

A fair is arranged that the farmer may be benefitted by observing the possibilities of the acres, and from gathering the experience of his neighbors, and that somewhat of the lack of pleasures of certain kinds peculiar to town and city life be made up to him and his family. And then, over and beyond this, it is arranged that the people of the towns and cities may observe what may be procured from the farms of their own locality; and further, and fully as important, that the people of these same towns and cities may display by their presence and co-operation a friendly interest in the affairs of the men and women from whom they solicit trade, which means profit, thereby creating a community of interests which must result in the general upbuilding of the farm, the town and the city, and without which there must result a want of such up-building.

If you are a resident of this county, and worthy of that designation there will be a place for you at the county fair. Will you fill the place?

Grange and Dairy Interests.

The repeal of the pure food law of 1895, has proved to be a serious detriment to the dairy interests of Pennsylvania and also to the public health.

The present Food Law approved June 1st, 1907, as construed by the courts, is inefficient and furnishes but little protection to the dairy interests or to the consuming public.

After careful consideration by the Grange committees it seems advisable that a dairy commissioner be appointed who shall have charge of the dairy interests, and who shall enforce only special dairy legislation. By this means we hope to avoid the complications of a general food law embracing both dairy and trade occupations.

The passage of the food law of 1907, has thrown the markets of Pennsylvania open to the manufacture and sale of adulterated butter and bogus lard. This same law has, by a recent court decision made it impossible for our state dairy and food commissioner to successfully prosecute dealers who sell watered and skimmed milk, as pure.

Therefore we recommend that the next legislature shall create the office of the dairy commissioner, who shall deal only with dairy products, viz: butter, and butter substitutes, such as oleomargarine, butterine, renovated butter, adulterated butter, milk, cream, condensed milk, ice cream, cheese and all other products made wholly or chiefly from milk.

We further recommend that the laws which deal with other food products shall be placed in the hands of the State Health Department. We would suggest a careful and early consideration of this subject by every Grange in the state, in order that the state Grange influence may be exerted in this important movement.

If reports of the decisions of the various granges are promptly forwarded to State Master W. F. Hill, Huntingdon, Pa., the work will be greatly facilitated.

ANNA P. HICKS,
Secy. Goshen Grange, No. 121.
MARGARET SHARPLESS,
Secy. Brandywine Grange, No. 60.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 22, 1908.

C. H. Farger, Miss Louisa M. Merwin (2), John Oviatt, Miss Ella Robinson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pinules for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pinules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

In buildings, equipment and reputation, the Lock Haven State Normal School is the equal of the best. Its graduates are its best advertisement. To those who are thinking of becoming teachers, it is an ideal school. The Fall term begins Sept. 7th. A catalogue will be sent on application to Principal.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relives pain, soothes, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve but just one original. Nothing else just as good. Insist on DeWitt's. It is cleansing, cooling and soothing. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Westbrook Academy.

This school will begin its 27th year Sept. 8. Business, Shorthand, English and Telegraphy courses. Booklet free. 2t

How Wenzell Made Good.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The city boarder sat on the red plush sofa and looked at picture postal cards with Ann Rose. He was a well dressed youth, with gorgeous hosiery displayed above his low cut shoes. His face was ordinary and notable merely for its shrewdness and a frequent display of gold filled teeth. Ann Rose admired him greatly. His position in a city bank and his undoubted respectability had much to do with his entrance into the Baker homestead.

Ann Rose Baker and Chester Laidlaw giggled over the postal cards until Wenzell Beebe slid awkwardly into the back parlor and sat down beside Mrs. Baker, who nodded kindly at him.

"How's your ma?" she asked.

"She's all right," replied Wenzell, his sunburned face turning a deeper red. He was conscious that the city boarder was discussing him with Ann Rose, and her light laugh, instantly suppressed, rendered him still more uncomfortable.

"You know Mr. Laidlaw?" whispered Mrs. Baker.

Wenzell nodded. "I met him here the other night."

"He's awful smart. He's in a bank," said Mrs. Baker importantly.

Wenzell did not reply. He was trying to keep his eyes from the couple on the sofa in the other room.

Ann Rose was watching him covertly. She noted the new suit of gray clothes, the light blue satin necktie and his large brown hands. Her glance wandered to the youth at her side, with his air of easy assurance, and down at his slim white hands playing with the postals. She twisted Wenzell's little turquoise ring from the third finger of her left hand and transferred it to the other hand. Then she flew over to the piano and rattled the keys noisily.

"Come, sing something, Mr. Laidlaw," she suggested gayly.

Mr. Laidlaw was pleased to sing, and he and Ann Rose turned the pages of a book of old love songs, and when their voices blended in [illegible] Wenzell's hands [illegible] the sides of his chair and his lips whitened.

"I came to take Ann Rose out riding," he said sullenly, to his future mother-in-law.

Mrs. Baker glanced [illegible] at him over her spectacles. "Ann Rose, here's Wenzell a-setting here waiting for you to go riding with him!" she called.

The music ceased abruptly, and Ann Rose appeared in the doorway, demurely pretty in her white dress, with a half blown rose in her dark hair. The boarder lounged behind her.

"I saw you come in, Wenzell, but I forgot all about you," she said, with a coquettish glance at Mr. Laidlaw. "I'll be ready in a minute."

Wenzell Beebe nodded awkwardly at the boarder [illegible] out of [illegible] to the [illegible] he [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] path the [illegible] Rose [illegible] to [illegible] ily [illegible] pointed [illegible] streams through the branches. When they reached a rise of ground, Wenzell pointed with his whip to the horizon where a low line of black clouds stained the yellow light.

"Rain tonight," he said, speaking for the first time.

"I guess ~~[illegible]~~ hay'll get wet, then. He's over to [illegible], and he didn't get it all in," said Ann Rose lazily. She was thinking of what Chester Laidlaw had said about her eyes and all that [illegible] they were [illegible].

"Where's your ring?" asked Wenzell suddenly.

She glanced guiltily [illegible] at her left hand and then [illegible] with a shamefaced smile. "I [illegible] it for fun."

"Then you ain't ashamed of it?" asked Wenzell slowly, and as she made no reply he added, with a furtive glance at Ann Rose: "I reckon that Laidlaw fellow could hand out diamonds and such. They say he's a spender."

Ann Rose shrugged her shoulders pettishly, her dark eyes seeking a newly built cottage that crowned a little eminence.

"I thought maybe you'd like to look at it, Ann Rose," said Wenzell in a softer tone. "Jim Putney has left a sample book of wall paper, and I want you to choose what you like."

"Mr. Laidlaw says we ought to have cartridge paper in the parlor," observed Ann Rose carelessly as Wenzell helped her down before the gate.

"Laidlaw! Has he been here?" demanded Wenzell savagely.

The girl laughed uneasily. "We walked over last night in the moonlight. I told him about it being ours. We peeked in the windows," she explained.

"I guess we won't pick out any paper tonight," said Wenzell deliberately. "You better get in and I'll take you home. Maybe you have an engagement to play croquet with the boarder."

They drove home in silence, and it was not until the black horse turned in at the gate that Wenzell spoke again; then his voice was hoarse and rough with emotion.

"I ain't got the style of that bank follow, Ann Rose, but you liked me first. If you like him better than me just say so. I won't stand in the way. You've acted different ever since he's been here. I may be slow, but underneath I won't stand much fooling. You know I think a sight of you." His voice failed.

"You must have wanted to pick a quarrel to get mad over such a little thing as his looking at our house, and here's your ring, Wenzell Beebe. Mr. Laidlaw is a gentleman anyway!" She thrust the ring into his unwilling hand and sprang from the carriage before he could lend her assistance.

All that evening Ann Rose flirted desperately with Chester Laidlaw. Mrs. Baker looked on in stern disapproval, and when bedtime came she drew her daughter aside. "What do you mean, Ann Rose, a-cutting up with that boarder? Where's Wenzell? I thought he was going to stay to tea."

"Wenzell is a slow poke, and I never want to see him again," breathed Ann Rose indignantly as she freed herself from her mother's grasp and closed her bedroom door.

A half hour afterward it thundered loudly and a flash of lightning cut the outer darkness. Mrs. Baker hurried around and closed windows. She creaked into her daughter's room, throwing a colossal shadow from the candle in her hand.

"Land alive!" she whispered hoarsely. "The boarder's down in the parlor scared to death of the thunder! He's got a kitchen chair with the legs set in four tumblers, and he's got his rubbers on. He's sitting there shivering with the lamp lighted and I don't know what all. He's a great ninny. The lightning's as sharp as I ever see it. The south meadow hay will be ruined, I guess. There it is waiting to be loaded on the wagon and your pa ten miles away!"

Ann Rose leaned on her elbow and looked through the window. "What's that down in the meadow, mother?" she asked. "Watch the next flash."

It came with a crashing roll of thunder, and in the bright glare the hay field lay before them like a painted picture, a broad sweep of stubble ~~with~~ here and there a stack of hay and in the midst a man's solitary form pitching hay vigorously.

"Who can it be?" whispered Ann Rose wonderingly.

"There's only one man hereabouts who'd take the trouble and risk his [illegible] in that open field on a night like this just to save a neighbor's hay. It's Wenzell!"

[illegible] did not reply. She stared fearfully out at the terrible storm. Throughout all the [illegible] in the south hay field steadily pitched hay up to the [illegible] wagon. Then he mounted the load and drove to the barn.

"He's gone down to open the barn door," cried Ann Rose sharply, and she sprang from the bed and hurried into some clothing. As she flashed through the hall she cast a contemptuous glance at the boarder. "Ninny!" she sneered, but he was too miserable to care.

Wenzell Beebe found the barn door wide open, and he drove in just as the first great raindrops fell. He slid down from the load and closed the great door tightly; then in the intermittent flashes that [illegible] he saw a small white clad figure [illegible] against [illegible].

"[illegible] Wenzell," [illegible] Ann Rose. "I was dreadful scared when I saw you down in the field, and I knew then if anything happened to you I'd never be happy again." She sobbed the last words on his broad shoulder, and his strong hand caressed her [illegible].

"Don't you care, honey," he whispered. "It was a smart scheme to get jealous of that city dude anyhow! I might have known you was just enjoying the music and things with him."

"But you're awful brave to get in the hay that way, and the boarder—he's sitting in the parlor scared to death," sobbed Ann Rose hysterically.

Why the Guest Was Embarrassed.

A north side man who was invited out to dinner the other day was not able to figure out for awhile whether he was welcome or not after he arrived at the house. The members of the family talked nicely and appeared cordial all right, but they made so many mysterious side remarks that he was supposed not to hear that it made him nervous.

They all sat down to the dinner table, and before the meal had progressed very far he caught the hostess whispered to the children:

"F. H. B." she said.

The visitor didn't know what to think of it. He was further mystified after a while when the hostess whispered to the children:

"M. I. K."

Then he noticed while a plate of something was being passed at the table. Everybody, children and all, helped themselves liberally.

This mysticism continued throughout the evening, and the guest went home still wondering about it.

A few days after he found out what it all meant. When the mother whispered "F. H. B." she meant "family hold back" because the article of food then being served was somewhat scarce and she was afraid the supply would run out. The "M. I. K." meant "more in the kitchen" and was a signal that the members of the family might partake liberally of whatever it referred to.—Boston Herald.

No Angler.

Miss Gabble—No, indeed, I'm not accustomed to fish for compliments.

Miss Peppery—I can see that. Any one who is accustomed to fishing realizes that one isn't likely to get anything if one talks too much.—Philadelphia Press.

When the baby is cross and has you worried and worn out you will find that a little Cascasweet, the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little one in a short time. The ingredients are printed plainly on the bottle. Contains no opiates. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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OLIVE'S OUTLAW.

By TAYLOR WHITE.

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The outlaw had been making things pretty lively for the guests of the Spouting Springs hotel ever since the spring season had got fully under way.

As a business getter the outlaw was a huge success. No shore resort with an authentic sea serpent ever enjoyed such popularity, and the stages that met the trains from the east lumbered back over the twenty mile trail loaded to capacity with women who openly avowed their timidity and men who tried more or less successfully to conceal theirs.

Almost every afternoon the porch was crowded to witness the departure of the sheriff and his posse, and almost as regularly some of the guests came hurrying back to the hotel to tell how they had been held up and stripped of their valuables with an expedition that excelled the speed of the man back of the marble counter in the rotunda. The latter kept the books and each day set down opposite each account a sum that would have obtained board and lodgings for a week at a hotel not cursed—or blessed—by a bandit.

Appreciating the fact that much of his booty was keepsakes and heirlooms, the bandit was always ready to trade back his plunder for the more convenient specie, and as the landlord insisted upon making good all losses there were no complaints. Indeed, the guests rather enjoyed being held up. It gave them something to talk about when their visit was over. Many of the visitors by oft repeated telling so embroidered the accounts of their individual holdups that the tales would have offered good material for magazines. But it was not until Olive Marchand came that the real sensation was sprung.

Until then the outlaw's insularity had been his most pronounced characteristic, but when the slip of a girl came rushing down the path from the spring to tell how Black Pete had not only held her up, but had detained her in conversation for more than an hour every woman in the hotel turned envious. The following afternoon the banks of the stream fed by the springs were dotted with women waiting to be captured and talked to that they might share Miss Marchand's prestige.

Possibly it was for this reason that Miss Marchand walked down the valley instead of toward the springs, was confronted by a lithe figure above whose square cut chin appeared a mask of black, out of that lent a deeper brilliance to a glittering gray eye.

"I'm glad to see you this afternoon," was the greeting. "I rather thought I should find you here. The woods are too crowded above, and so I came down this way. I trust that you suffered no ill effects from the shock of our meeting yesterday?"

"I rather enjoyed it," admitted Olive frankly. "I really think that the other women are envious."

Pete smiled at [illegible] of the [illegible] company he had passed on his way down the trail. There was no question about it. He motioned her to a seat on the fallen trunk of a tree and sat down beside her.

The girl was an eager questioner, and presently he was reeling off stories of adventure with a dash that brought the glow of excitement to Miss Marchand's eyes. To make it still more thrilling, there was a crashing sound among the trees, and without a word the outlaw swung himself up into a tall pine just as the sheriff and his posse came tearing along.

They paused long enough to warn the girl that Black Pete was supposed to be somewhere in her vicinity and that it would be well for her to return to the hotel by the trail instead of through the woods; then they hurried on, and Pete swung himself down from his perch.

"This is the easiest experience I ever had," he declared laughingly. "The sheriff trusts to numbers and hard riding, with the result that I have plenty of time to disappear when I hear him coming."

"It must be terrible to feel that you are a hunted thing," mused Olive, with a little shudder.

"That's the joyous part," declared the outlaw. "I am not hunted when the pursuit is in the hands of the sheriff. But let's forget the sheriff," he added. "I've told you all about myself. Now, turn about is fair play."

"It would seem so tame after what you have told me," she demurred, but she was soon deep in her subject, and it was not until the afternoon shadows lengthened that at last she recalled herself and hurried up the trail toward the hotel, where half a hundred disappointed women were already gathered upon the porch.

There was not exactly an arrangement to meet the following afternoon, but Black Pete had said that he would be over on "the branch," and she found him there in the late afternoon. This time he had removed his mask, disclosing a face in which there was no hint of the depravity with which he was credited. It was an honest, manly face, with frank, gray eyes and a tangle of crisp yellow curls above a smooth white brow. With the mask off, only two 45's swung on his hips suggested the bad man, and while they talked Olive forgot that she was in company of a man who was outlawed by society and upon whose head there was an increasingly heavy price "dead or alive," as the bills of reward read.

Pete escorted her nearly to the hotel by a short cut, and not until she came upon the hotel piazza and heard them discussing the holdup of that morning did she realize again that this was the man with whom she had been spending the afternoon.

Then followed weeks of indecision. Sometimes Olive would declare to herself that she would never see Black Pete again. At such times she hated herself for having given her love to a breaker of the law, but love had been given, and love is powerful above the law. Her periods of revulsion were sure to be followed by penitential moods, when she was glad to pass through the leafy aisles of the forest to their tryst.

The guests of the hotel profited by the absorption of the bandit, for days passed when no holdup was recorded, and the attendance began to fall off.

Olive was glad that the depredations were less plentiful, for these were largely responsible for her moments of self accusation. Finally, after one of his most brilliant feats, she at last decided to go where she might try to forget that she had ever loved him.

With eyes heavy with unshed tears she made her way to the little cave where they frequently met. Here they would say goodby. Pete had taught her to move so lightly that her footfalls scarcely were audible, and so it happened that she came upon two men talking in the shadows of a clump of pines without betraying her presence.

Her heart almost ceased to beat for a moment as she realized that the two men were Pete and Portman, the proprietor of the hotel.

"You will have to do better than this," Portman was saying. "You have only pulled off two holdups this week. It is getting too tame for the guests."

"I know it," admitted Pete, "but I have been busy."

"I pay you for your time," was Portman's angry retort. "You were to give me at least one holdup a day. My guests are disappointed if it doesn't happen, and you've got to earn your salary."

"I'm tired of the game," said Pete shortly. "Go get some one else to be your outlaw. I'm done."

"Now, don't get hot and throw up the job like that," urged Portman. "You know I can't break in a new man right in the middle of the season. It would take him a month to learn the paths, and the sheriff would catch him the first time and spoil it all. I didn't mean to be so short. I'll give you $10 more a month."

"Do you think that if money was an object I'd be an outlaw for $30 a month?" demanded Pete. "No. You go get some one else for the job."

Portman's face [illegible] picture of despair. His hired outlaw had been the making of the hotel. It would not be possible at short notice to find any one who could be trusted to rob the guests and who had sufficient woodcraft to escape capture.

He was still seeking a new argument to advance when a call from the underbrush caused both men to start. Pete went bounding into the thicket [illegible].

"So you've found out what a fraud I am?" he cried.

"And I'm so glad," declared the girl. "I knew [illegible] heart that you were worthy. Pete, can't we have a honeymoon here in the woods? You can do the holdups in the morning, and I'll help. It will be such fun."

"Pete's [illegible] I'll make Portman give me a week off," he cried, "and then we'll resume operations at the old stand."

"There will be an awful time with father," mused the girl, and Pete laughed again.

"No trouble there," he assured. "You see, I'm really Robert Parkman. We have some business deals on together, so he knows me. I'm only playing bandit because it promised more fun than a mere camping out trip."

Olive gasped. She had heard of the eccentric millionaire. As Parkman took her in his arm the sheriff went galloping past on his way to join the posse in its afternoon hunt after the outlaw.

"You beat the sheriff," he declared, with a tender laugh. "You have captured the outlaw for life."

"It looks as though it were the other way about," corrected Olive demurely as she glanced at the imprisoning arms. "My outlaw has captured me."

Early French Theaters.

The French theater owes its origin to the religious exhibitions given by the pilgrims on their return from Palestine. At these exhibitions the pilgrims gave an account of the Holy Land and recited their own adventures. They were afterward imitated by those who had never been to the Holy Land. To these succeeded dramatic representations of subjects taken from the new text, and, being forbidden by the provost of Paris, the priests of France invited the king to be present at an exhibition to prove that they were calculated to excite religious feelings.

The building in which those plays were produced was divided into three scaffoldings. The highest represented paradise, the second the world, and the lowest, which was in the form of a dragon's head, represented hell. The only entrance to the two upper scaffoldings was through the dragon's head.

The actors never left the stage, even to change their dress, and the plays were so long as to require several days for their completion. At the close of each evening the audience was invited to return until the whole were finished, sometimes forty nights.

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PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

Comic Effects Frequent In the Days When Bad Copy Was the Rule.

Typographical errors that produced weird or comical effects are described by the St. Louis Republic in an article recalling the days when all of that newspaper's type was set by hand, before the introduction of typesetting machines, when the copy, instead of being typewritten, was turned over to the printer in an infinite variety of good, bad and indifferent chirography.

Comparatively few of the errors were allowed to contribute to the gayety of the subscribers, as the majority were squelched in the "house of correction," as the proofroom was facetiously termed. From a collection made by a proofreader the following instances of ridiculous misreading of copy are taken:

"His blushing bride" was transformed into "his blustering bride."

A captain was said to have "served with destruction in the Confederate army," but the writer thought he wrote "distinction."

Two pictures entitled "The Galley Slave" and "Enoch In Their Turn" were referred to as "The Galley I Love" and "Enoch In Shin Town."

Having in mind the influence of former citizens of the land of the shamrock upon the political destinies of the town, what more natural than that the printing man should set up an "Irish district court" where it had been the "first district court?"

Professor Frank Geeks was mentioned as having rendered "violent selections" rather than "violin selections."

Somebody was quoted as saying that "all the singing folks on the vaudeville stage have hundreds of wives," but the copy, when carefully examined, was found to read "husbands or wives," and a sensation in the theatrical world was averted.

"They sailed for three days around the cape and finally slaughtered a small Italian" was corrected to read "sighted a small island."

On one occasion the reporter wrote of certain "dwarfed and hungered children" who were made to appear perhaps more pathetic when the compositor substituted the words "dwarfed and haggard."

"He takes delight in talking on his family shame" was a shameful thing to say about him, for "favorite theme" was meant.

"Red Cross Society Will Fight Corbett" was the way the typesetter transformed the copy concerning a crusade against cholera.

AN HONEST ARTIST.

He Would Not Paint a Lie Even For a Napoleon.

There was no love lost between the Emperor Louis Napoleon and his cousin, Prince Napoleon, whom the Parisians called "Plon Plon." The prince used to make abusive speeches against the emperor, which people were only too ready to repeat to him. "Let him alone!" Louis Napoleon would reply. "He is too well known. No one would turn me out to place him on the throne."

The emperor was correct, for no one had a good word about "Plon Plon." He was commonly believed to have shown the white feather in the Crimea and never exposed himself where the lead was falling. An English lady who in her younger days mingled with French society tells in her "Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes" a story as discreditable to Prince Napoleon as it is honorable to a French artist.

While the artist was painting the historical picture of the battle of the Alma, which the emperor had ordered, Prince Napoleon called at the painter's studio to make known to him the facts. On leaving he said he wished the prominent figure in the battle to be himself mounted on his white charger. He sent the horse to the artist, so that he could paint its exact portrait. When the picture was finished and invitations were sent out for a "private view," the white charger was seen, a prominent figure in the battle, but without a rider.

On hearing of this terrible omission the prince sent an aid-de-camp to ask the reason. The honest artist said the horse should remain if the prince wished, but no rider would be on it. "Tell the prince I have never yet painted a lie." The hint was taken. The prince ordered the horse to be rubbed out.

Fortunate, Indeed.

Cook—Taylor was always a fortunate man, but doesn't it seem wonderful that his luck should stay with him to the very last?

Raleigh—How was that?

Cook—Why, he was operated on for the removal of a pearl which he had accidentally swallowed while eating oysters, and when the pearl was examined it was found to be valuable enough to pay for both the operation and the funeral.—Judge.

A Favored Fowl.

"I has been told," said Miss Miami Brown, "dat de parrot is one of de longes' lived birds dat is."

"De statement," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "is strictly ornithological."

"I wonder why."

"I specks dat one reason why de parrot lives so long is dat he ain't good to eat."—Washington Star.

Giving Money.

The difficulty which is faced in America in connection with philanthropy is not to find the people who have the money to give, but to discover the ways in which money may be given wisely. Ideas for wise giving are much scarcer than money awaiting opportunity.—Chicago Tribune.

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Fresh,
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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
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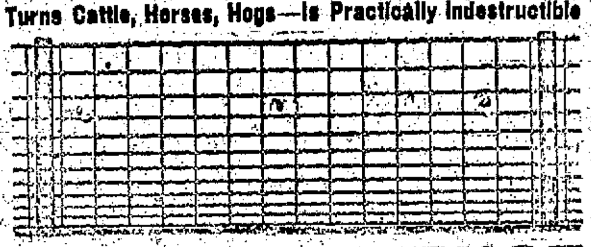

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 27, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The Smethport schools open next Monday.

—The Stark family are holding their reunion at Coryville to-day.

—One of the window glass factories at Eldred will go into operation about Sept. 2nd.

—W. H. Rubin & Co., are offering a special mark down sale on boys' school suits this week. There is a big saving on every garment offered.

—McKean county, which was named in honor of Thomas McKean, who was governor at the time it was organized, is nearly 40 miles long and 25 wide, containing about 1,000 square miles or 640,000 acres.

—The macaroni factory at Johnsonburg, owned by Salvatore Cerro, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night of last week. The loss is estimated at about $6,000. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

—Anyone who misses the McKean County Fair and Races to be held September 15, 16, 17 and 18, will miss the best attraction of the year. There will be all kinds of sport and amusement there from the first to the last day and you cannot afford to miss it.

—The Fred Pott farm of [illegible] acres, located one mile from Allegany, N. Y., and two miles from Olean, N. Y., was sold on Monday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Anthony McIlever of Olean, N. Y., who has taken possession. The trade included the stock, crops and tools.

—One day two little boys created quite a good deal of excitement in Johnsonburg with the statement that they had discovered the headless body of a woman in the woods a short distance from town. A large crowd led by the two frightened boys went back to investigate the find which turned out to be part of the skeleton of a horse or cow.

—An exchange says: When Dr. H. A. Waggoner, attending physician, gave up all hope of saving Michael Slattery, a typhoid fever patient at St. Joseph's hospital in Omaha, the patient asked for clay treatment. To humor the man they were sure was going to die, he was given a plate of clay. He devoured it with relish and for a week has been fed clay. He has fully recovered and has left the hospital.

—We have just finished printing a catalogue for the Hamlin Library and Smethport Borough Schools. The catalogue contains the list of books in this library, over 2000, and also gives much valuable information regarding our schools. They will be distributed among the residents of Smethport and if you do not get a copy within a month you should call at the library and get one. This catalogue should increase the patronage of the library a great deal.

—Young men who voted on age last fall must be registered or they cannot vote under any circumstances. Others who have paid a state or county tax within two years may be able to swear in their votes if they are not upon the registry, but the voter who cast his first ballot in 1907, has no possible chance to do this. He is not upon any duplicate, has no tax assessed against him and consequently cannot qualify by having paid a tax as is necessary where voters are left off the registry. By failing to register he practically and effectually disfranchises himself. There is no way in which he can vote unless he registers.

—Speaking of the fire which destroyed shoe shop, the Galeton Leader Dispatch the Democrat office and Brotherton's jocularly remarks: It is not known what caused last Friday morning's fire, but there are suspicious circumstances connected with it. It has been suggested that it might have got its start from some of the socialistic speeches that J. W. Brotherton has made in front of the building this summer. One person has also remarked that M. T. Stokes of the Enterprise was in town the night before and that things always get hot in a community where Stokes is. However, the origin of the blaze is still a mystery.

The little attacks of stomach trouble and stomach disorders will undoubtedly lead to chronic dyspepsia unless you take something for a sufficient time to strengthen the stomach and give it a chance to get well. If you take Kodol in the beginning the bad attacks of Dyspepsia will be avoided, but if you allow these little attacks to go unheeded it will take Kodol a longer time to put your stomach in good condition again. Get a bottle of Kodol to-day. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Summer complaints and other serious ailments common in hot weather can be traced to the stomach nine times out of ten. Keep the stomach in good order right now by keeping a bottle of Kodol handy in the house all the time, but especially during this month. Take Kodol whenever you feel that you need it. That is the only time you need to take Kodol. Just when you need it; then you will not be troubled with sour stomach, belching, gas on the stomach, bloating, dyspepsia and indigestion. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

THE PILLORY.

Titus Oates and Daniel Defoe Both Suffered In It.

In the year 1837 the British parliament passed an act that put an end to punishment by pillory. Previous to the conquest this particular instrument of correction was in use in England and went by the name of the "stretch neck." It consisted of a wooden frame erected on a stool in which were three holes for the head and arms. For days together offenders against the common law were thus exposed to public view. From historic accounts it appears that this particular form of punishment was meted out to those convicted of frauds of every description not only in England, but in nearly every country in Europe. In the days of the star chamber, when religious feeling ran high, the pillory was the ordinary punishment meted out to those who offended against the church. In 1685 Titus Oates was sentenced to be pilloried for five days in every year during the rest of his life. Another famous sufferer was Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," who stood for three days in the pillory in Cheapside. It happened on occasions that the offender died while undergoing his sentence. During the time of exposure the condemned man was not allowed to receive food of any sort or description. The last occasion on which a pillory sentence was passed was in 1814.—London Globe.

A KING'S HOBBY.

The Mania of Frederick William I. For Collecting Giants.

Of all the manias that afflict mankind the most ancient and curious is probably that for collecting. The victims collect pretty nearly everything from books to shoe buckles and from pots to postage stamps, but giant collecting was the hobby of Frederick William I., king of Prussia.

Nature designed him for a recruiting officer; destiny made him a monarch. All were fish who came to his net — Saxons, Austrians, Hessians, Turks, Swedes, Englishmen, Irishmen, Africans—provided they were at least two yards long. Some of his specimens were seven feet long. Now and then he obtained one still more prodigious.

The Saxon cabinet minister Wackerbarth, foreseeing the possible advantages of standing well with so near a neighbor, in 1715 dispatched to Berlin a recognition of his Prussian majesty's birthday, Aug. 14, no less flattering than unique, since it consisted of a large bundle of tobacco leaves, two handsome Turkish pipes and a canful of fragrant Latakia, all committed to the hands of seven foot passengers, with a missive imploring the king's gracious acceptance of these trifles and the Cupid who bore them.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Smile From a Stranger.

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts and has given us courage when we were disheartened.

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value?

Think how the pleasure of life would be increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating hope and courage!

Who can estimate what beautiful, smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast, those whose life burdens are crushing them?

Many of us carry precious memories of smiling faces which we glimpsed but once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.—Success Magazine.

She Was Deliberate.

It is said that Dinah Mulock Craik, the famous author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," made a habit of leaving at her bank the manuscript of each of her stories as soon as it was completed. It would remain there perhaps six months, and then she would call for it and see how the story affected her after that lapse of time. If it pleased her, the manuscript was sent to the publisher. Otherwise it was rewritten or thrown away.

Ear Wagging.

Only animals with long and drooping ears are able to wag them. A rabbit, for instance, can do what it likes with its ear, dropping one or both and laying them flat along its back when dashing through thick cover. Hares are still more brisk in ear movements. But short eared beasts, like weasels and stoats, are unable to wag their ears in any degree, although they have enough ear to wag if they had the power.

Accurate.

"See here, landlord," said an angry tenant after he had signed the contract for a year, "this house is full of sewer gas."

"Yes, that's what I told you."

"Told me?"

"Yes. You asked me if there was gas in every room, and I said there was."—London Answers.

His Right Hand.

"My husband," said the fair bride, "says I am his right hand."

"I hope," rejoined her mother, "that he isn't like that man who never lets his right hand know what his left hand does."—Chicago News.

Easy to Suit.

Mrs. Eastend—You'll not find me difficult to suit, Nora. Nora (the new maid)—I'm sure not, ma'am. I saw your husband as I came in, ma'am.—Pittsburg Observer.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For prospective teachers Edinboro Normal is one of the best training schools. Fall term opens Sept. 8, 1908. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

MACARONI IN ITALY.

To the Working People This Food Is a Luxury.

Every one pictures the Italian as eating macaroni. What if I tell you that the Italians, taking them as a people, do not eat macaroni, and yet this is virtually true. Macaroni in Italy costs 4 to 8 cents a pound, and it is too costly for common use. It is about as accurate to say that the Italians live on macaroni as that the Americans live on turkey. Macaroni to the working Italian is a luxury. You often see young fellows on a holiday indulging in a dish in a restaurant or before a street cook stand about as Americans would eat ice cream. A customary workman's dinner is a hunk of bread broken apart and "buttered" with a few traces of tomato sauce. As for meat, it is the greatest rarity, and the only drink they can afford is water, which has the advantage of being cheap and filling. The Italians at home are not only temperate, but abstemious. Wine and beer and even tea, coffee and chocolate are forbidden to them on account of the expense. In all Italy we saw no one under the influence of liquor. So also there is practically no smoking. The government has a monopoly of the tobacco business, buys its supplies in quantities direct in America and elsewhere and charges three prices for everything. The few tobacco shops keep a piece of smoldering tow tied at the doorpost, so that patrons and passers may light their cigars by it.—Los Angeles Times.

WOMAN'S WIT UNCERTAIN.

As When This Wife Failed to Appreciate Hubby's Pleasantry.

"Don't always rely upon the ready wit of a woman," said the man who is sometimes pleased to consider himself an oracle. "That ready wit business is sometimes prone to get way off. For example, my wife and children had been staying in the country for several weeks, and I was regular with my letters, as every loving husband should be. Finally on the day before my wife was to start for home I concluded my letter to her with these words:

"'This will be the last letter I will write to you for a long, long time.'

"When I got down to my office the next morning I found a telegram from my wife waiting for me. 'What on earth do you mean?' read the dispatch.

"Later a registered letter came from her. She had blotted almost every line with tears. What it was all about I could not imagine.

"Then my telephone bell rang, and when I answered I heard my wife's voice speaking over the long distance phone.

"'Oh, John!' said she, 'is that really you? I thought you had committed suicide!'"—Washington Post.

Remedy For Choking.

"Raising the left arm as high as you can will relieve choking much more rapidly than the act of thumping one's back," said a physician, "and it is well that every one should know it, for often a person gets choked while eating where there is no one near to thump him. Very frequently at meals and when they are at play children get choked while eating, and the customary manner of relieving them is to slap them sharply on the back. The effect of this is to set the obstruction free. The same thing can be brought about by raising the left hand of the child as high as possible, and the relief comes much more quickly. In happenings of this kind there should be no alarm, for if the child sees that older persons or parents get excited the effect is bad. The best thing is to tell the child to raise its left arm, and immediately the difficulty passes away."

The Popping Stone.

"The popping stone" marks the spot where Sir Walter Scott asked Miss Carpenter to marry him. It is situated in the beautiful valley of the Irthing, at Gilsland, an inland watering place near Carlisle. The popping stone is visited by many thousands during the summer months, and it is said many a laggard lover has had his courage screwed up to popping point at this romantic spot. In the immediate neighborhood may also be seen "Mumps Ha'," which Scott immortalized in "Guy Mannering," while a little farther afield the Roman wall and Lanercost priory prove attractions to visitors to Gilsland.—London Chronicle.

Hardships of the Very Poor.

Little Marion, having few real playmates, has supplied herself with several imaginary ones, with whom she has many surprising experiences. Her mother recently overheard her playing with her large family of dolls and entertaining a visionary caller.

"Yes, Mrs. Smif," she said, heaving a deep sigh, "we are poor, terribly poor. We are so poor that I have to spank my babies to keep them warm."—Woman's Home Companion.

Costs Sometimes.

"There's no use talking about it—a chronic disease is an expensive thing to have."

"That depends. Mine never cost me anything."

"What's your trouble?"

"Kleptomania."—Cleveland Leader.

The Biter Bit.

Hewitt—Who was that fellow who in a fit of absentmindedness tried to light his cigar from the electric light? Jewett—He's a joke writer who makes a specialty of jokes about countrymen blowing out the gas.—New York Press.

As soon as a man acquires fairly good sense it is said that he is an old fogy.—Atchison Globe.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood, and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $1.00. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WHAT IS A DAY?

You Probably Think It Is Twenty-four Hours, but It Isn't.

Nine persons out of ten—yes, 999 out of every 1,000—if asked how long it takes the earth to turn once on its axis would answer twenty-four hours, and to the question, How many times does it turn on its axis in the course of the year? the answer would be 365¼ times. Both answers are wrong.

It requires but twenty-three hours and fifty-six minutes for the earth to make one complete turn, and it makes 366¼ turns during the year. The error springs from a wrong idea of what is meant by a day.

The day is not, as is commonly supposed, the time required by the earth to make one turn on its axis, but the interval between two successive passages of the sun across the meridian—that is to say, the time which elapses after the sun is seen exactly south in its diurnal course through the heavens before it is again seen in that position.

Now, in consequence of the earth's revolution in its orbit or path round the sun, the sun has the appearance of moving very slowly in the heavens in a direction from east to west. At noon tomorrow the sun will be a short distance to the east of the point in the heavens at which it is seen at noon today, so that when the earth has made one complete turn it will still have to turn four minutes longer before the sun can again be seen exactly south.

THE ANCIENT SPARTANS.

They Flogged Men Who Grew Too Fat For Military Service.

Among the ancient Spartans everything was considered secondary to military efficiency, and with a view to securing this the boys and men were by law kept in a continual state of "training." No deformed child was allowed to live. Boys were taken from their homes and subjected to military regulations at the age of seven. They were compelled to wear the same single garment winter and summer. At twenty they joined the ranks and from that age till they reached sixty were required to dine at the public tables, where only a certain quantity was supplied for each man. The magistrates interfered in absurdly small matters. They regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful for any citizen to extend his body.

Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military service and exercise were sometimes soundly flogged. Aelian in his history relates that Nauclis, son of Polytus, was brought before the ephors (magistrates) and the whole assembly of Sparta, and this unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass and give up the culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than a Spartan.

Clock and Watch Freaks.

"A watch isn't exactly dirty when it requires cleaning," says a watchmaker. "It may need cleaning when it hasn't even been worn.

"A common cause of this is that the oil in the works has dried up and become sticky, causing the watch to go slow or even to stop. In this case it not only wants cleaning, but also the addition of fresh oil.

"The best oil for this purpose is obtained from the jawbone of a porpoise or kindred fish. Many watchmakers mix their own oil from various kinds.

"Clocks also stop for no apparent reason. During a thunderstorm, for instance, a clock may stop, only resuming work when minutes, days or even weeks have passed.

"Thunderstorms, again, have been responsible for the restarting of old clocks which have apparently retired altogether from active service."—London Answers.

Lots of people fool dollars away and then howl that the reason they don't get rich is that no one gives them a chance.—Atchison Globe.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank

of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1. per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM

AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday August 27, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sinnemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN R. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. AFFLEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Eldred

THAT the law should be made to [illegible] capital punishment for wife beaters would be the demand of C. M. Coates, a prominent citizen of Toano, Va., who has aroused a fierce controversy in the Richmond newspapers.

THE German Ambassador to America, Baron Speck Von Sternburg, died at Heidelburg on Monday, following a surgical operation performed for relief from a cancer, from which he had been a sufferer for the past ten years. Von Sternburg was one of the most progressive officials in the German empire and was extremely popular among the members of the diplomatic service and had achieved distinction in many posts of great responsibility. The baron enjoyed the personal friendship of President Roosevelt and was a frequent caller at the White House, where he often played tennis with the President, and was on terms of social intimacy with the President's family. He did much to cement the cordial relations of the two countries, Germany and America. He was on leave of absence at the time of his death.

TOMORROW Mr. Bryan will meet Mr. Kern in Indianapolis. The former will tell why he should be elected President and the latter will argue himself into the Vice Presidency—if he can. When you come to think it over, there could not have been a more fitting selection than Mr. Kern for the Vice Presidential candidacy, now could there? Mr. Bryan named Mr. Kern. Why did he do it? Was it because he had a deep sympathetic feeling for him? For Mr. Bryan has been beaten twice for the Presidency and Mr. Kern has been defeated twice for the Governorship of Indiana. Misery loves company, so it is said. Certainly on no other ground could Mr. Bryan have placed Mr. Kern on the ticket with him, for a man who was thrashed by 20,000 in 1900 and by 34,000 in 1904 by the voters of Indiana cannot possibly have much show of carrying the State in 1908. For Mr. Kern is the same old Kern with the same old views—says Monday's Philadelphia Inquirer

IN his speech the other day Candidate James S. Sherman said: "Mr. Bryan charges that publicity for campaign expenses by political parties is generally desired and that the Republican Congress refused to enact such a law. Mr. Bryan does not state the whole truth. It is true that the Republican Committee of the House of Representatives reported the measure providing for publication of all campaign expenses incurred in the course of an election, and such a measure was considered by the House. In the course of its consideration an amendment was added which required a member of Congress to file a statement showing to what extent the lawful voters of his district were restricted in the exercise of their franchise and the methods employed to accomplish such results. As thus amended the measure passed the House, and coming to the Senate, was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, of which I was chairman. I have to say that while the Republican membership of that committee favored the passage of the measure as it came from the House every Democratic committeeman was opposed to it, and under no circumstances by reason of the Democratic opposition could it have been passed through the Senate. It was believed then, and it is believed now that the prevention of lawful voters from exercising their right of suffrage is quite as pernicious and as destructive of free government as the use of money in elections." Other campaign lies will be disposed of later—quite a number of them.

IN accepting the nomination for Vice President, Congressman James S. Sherman at his Utica, N. Y., home made a most timely and telling address. Among the points he emphasized were: First, let me say that I am a Protectionist, because experience has demonstrated that the application of that principle has lifted us as a nation to a plane of prosperity above that occupied by any other people. I especially commend that plank in our platform which promises an early revision of tariff schedules. Such duties must and will be imposed as will equalize the cost of production at home and abroad, and leave a reasonable profit to all American interests. "Tariff for revenue only" is an attack on American industries and the American wage scale, and it means a lessening demand for the products of American toil. The Republican party believes in the equality of all men before the law and in granting labor's every request that does not seek to accord rights to one man that are denied another. I believe in maintaining such an army and navy as will guarantee the protection of American citizens and interests everywhere. Our platform pledges adherence to the policies of President Roosevelt and promises to continue the work inaugurated by him. The overshadowing issue really is, Shall the administration of President Roosevelt be approved.

Local Option.

LICENSE as a temperance measure, has proven a total failure. Everywhere that either high license or low license has been tried, drinking has increased steadily. Low license made saloons everywhere abound.

High license makes large and showy saloons, offering every possible inducement to enslave and attract our youth, fostering gambling, prostitution and other vices, corrupting officers of the law and controlling legislation.

As a result, an overwhelming sentiment for prohibition is rising throughout the nation. In the South, through controlling the Democratic party, prohibitionists have carried Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and North Carolina, while local prohibition laws cover all the other Southern States excepting a few of the larger cities. The Democrats of Washington are campaigning for prohibition.

The Prohibition party is rapidly growing. It has lost much of the narrowness that formerly characterized it; and is supporting men of other parties favorable to the cause on its ticket in States like Pennsylvania, where the ballot laws permit. To a corresponding degree old party men are favorably regarding the Prohibition party. Its plan of "prohibition with a party behind it" is correct in principle and destined to be permanently successful as no other remedy for the liquor evil can be. Outside of a few large cities the people are desirous of prohibition; but have been so long schooled by their political leaders to oppose the Prohibition party that the change will come slowly.

With a prohibition law on the statute books and hostile officials in power experience has shown lack of enforcement and liquor sold in large towns almost as freely as under license. Hence the idea of local option. By it a prohibitory law becomes effective in regions where the majority desires, but license continues where the majority is pro liquor. It is easy to point out the effects of such a law, but the fact remains that it will give partial relief to some localities against the intolerable evils of the license system. Moreover it is available now. The people of this county will not need to suffer for years while waiting for Philadelphia to be converted. We could at any election make it easier to do right and harder to do wrong. We could drive the saloon from our streets and remove the open temptation from the eyes of the guileless and unwary. Many homes would be happier and many hearts lighter. Happier and lighter soon!

Why should not Pennsylvania have a law enacting prohibition and repealing license as to any county and lesser district whenever, by a referendum vote, a majority favors the repeal? In this manner the fence law has been repealed. Let the license law follow it, so that saloons may no longer run at large, devastating industrial fields and eating up the crop of men—the noblest crop which any country can produce—the joy of the mother, the pride of the father, and the hope of the nation! Is it not worth your vote?

Although a party Prohibitionist, I propose to support in the State Senate a good local option law, in order that I may see at least partial prohibition in my district while I am still young and vigorous enough to help enforce it.

ELISHA KENT KANE,
For Senator, 25th District.

SMETHPORT LYCEUM

ONE NIGHT

THURSDAY, SEPT. 3.

GEORGE D. MACKEY

in the Four-Act Comedy Drama

"The Boy With The Boodle"

SEE THE SPECIAL SCENERY. The Great Climax of Act 3 "THE MIRAGE ON THE DESERT."

Prices, 25, 35 and 50cts.

Seats on Sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Good Dairy Farm With Stock & Crops For Only $3,900.

We offer for sale the Elmer Deming farm of 95 acres, located in Pleasant Valley, five miles from Hirtville, Pa., and 8 miles from Port Allegany, Pa., on R. F. D. Telephone in house with share in telephone line. Land is smooth, valley and hill, good fences, orchard of 50 trees grafted fruit, watered by living springs. Sugar bush of 300 big trees, 25,000 feet big cherry and basswood timber. 50 acres cleared, balance in pasture and timber. Good house of 11 rooms in fine repair, large cellar, gambrel roof barn 32x48, one stable 12x48, one stable 16x18. Large wagon house with sheep stable in basement, hen house and hog house. Good silo, running spring water at house and barn. [illegible] school house on farm. This farm is free from daisies and paint brush and the land is very productive. With the farm we offer one three-year old colt, seven good cows, two two-year old heifers, one calf, 9 pigs, 38 sheep, 375 sap buckets, and sugar tools, with good sugar house, new wagon, new drill, new drag, mowing machine, rake, land roller, 2 plows, ensilage machine, new separator, bob sled, hay rack, wagon box, fanning mill, 30 tons hay, 6 acres corn, three-fourths acre potatoes, and lots of fruit. Oil and gas right on farm included. The [illegible] gas wells drilled within one half mile of this farm during the past year. This farm will carry 20 cows. We offer this entire property including stock, tools and crops with possession at once for only $3,900. Terms $1,500 cash, easy payments on balance. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

I will pick up all of your empty barrels every Monday and pay cash. Save them for me.

I want to clear out what Hemlock and Hardwood Lumber I have and will sell cheap for cash. Have all sizes. I have some nice fence post for sale.

C. H. GLEASON.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Lycoming County.

In the matter of the dissolution of the Castle Brook Carbon Black Company | No. 336, September Term, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that the Castle Brook Carbon Black Company filed its petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Lycoming County on August 17th, 1908, praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the Court has fixed September 21st, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. for hearing said application for dissolution, when and where all persons interested can attend, if they deem expedient, and show cause against the granting of the prayer of said petition.

[illegible]

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$200,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
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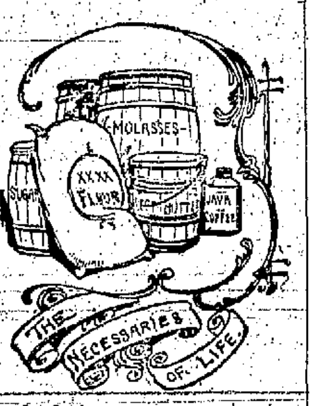


Sole Agents for

Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in [illegible]

SCHOOL BOYS' SUIT SALE.

During the week preceding the opening of school and the week following we will hold a Special Sale of School Clothing. Boys' School Suits, extra Pants, Caps, Shirts, Waists, Etc., all will be sold at cut prices. This sale will be for the benefit of the school boys.

$6.50	Boys' Suits, cut price sale	$5.00
6.00	" " " " "	4.50
5.00	" " " " "	3.75
1.25	Knickerbocker Pants, all sizes	1.00
1.00	" " " "	.75
.75	" " " "	.60
.50	Plain " " "	.39
.40	" " " "	.25

We have 50 Men's Suits, strictly all wool, prices $10 to $15, will go at $5.00.

Remember the goods were not marked up.

Respectfully,

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

A 6¾ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, dirt and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information, in the new *Marlin* Book, just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St. New Haven, Conn.

ANDORFER & LYLE

Groceries.

Headquarters for FRUITS & GREEN GOODS in Season.

Just Received shipment of NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right Consistent with Quality of Goods

ANDORFER & LYLE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for

We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Sauer's
27 MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of John Shearer, deceased:

Letters of Administration having been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the said John Shearer, late of Hamilton Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Joseph Shearer, residing at Warren in the County of Warren and State aforesaid, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay, to

JOSEPH SHEARER, Administrator
Warren, Pa., R. F. D. No. 4.
[illegible]

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned was on [illegible] day of July, 1908, granted letters of administration of the estate of Patrick Bacon, deceased, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. All persons having claims or demands against said estate will make same known to me without delay, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment.

DANIEL BACON, Administrator.
DuBois, Pa., July 15th, 1908.

The Lindholm Co.

Our August Clean-Up And Remnant Sale.

The Clean-Up Sale is your opportunity to obtain all the usefuls and needfuls you'll need for the next two months at prices that will average half below regular and what others cost.

Some great values are here, not only in one line but in nearly every line in this store.

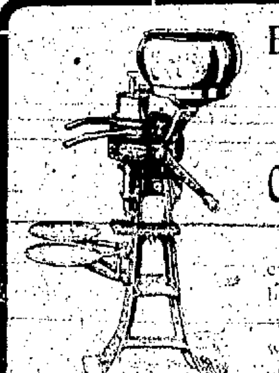
The short prices, broken lots will go at Clean-Up prices. Hundreds of remnants will be placed on our counters to choose from. We trust to number every lady who reads this among the ones benefitted by this Clean-Up. It will pay you well.

SALE STARTS AUG. 15

—AND—

CONTINUES TO AUG. 31

The Lindholm Company.



BUMPER CROPS

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS.

With the finest crop prospects ever before American agriculture—big crops of all kinds practically assured in nearly every locality and a world wide shortage of grain and other food supplies, that insures good prices—there was never a better time to make that most profitable of all farm investments—the purchase of a De Laval Cream Separator.

A Silver Cup will be awarded at the McKean County Fair for the highest scoring butter made from cream separated with a De Laval Cream Separator.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 27, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Norman Monday, August 24, a boy.

—The theatorium will be opened for business next Monday evening.

—Before you send your boy to school read Monheimer's ad on this page.

—Mrs. V. B. Bouton entertained the Bridge Whist club yesterday afternoon.

—The advertising wagon for the McKean County Fair and Races is making its rounds.

—A large party of young people enjoyed a corn roast at the stone quarry last evening.

—A pleasant time is in store for those who attend the dance at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—Frank Thornton has been making some improvements in his barber shop at East Smethport.

—The courts have practically put the water company of Austin out of business after a long fight.

—The Smethport Lyceum has recently undergone repairs and a coat of kalsomine has added to its interior beauty.

—The P., S. & N. excursion to Olean and Rock City last Sunday drew a fair sized crowd from this place. All speak of the Indian sports as extremely entertaining.

—Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and Mrs. Daniel M. Brasted entertained a party of ladies at the former's home Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Clayton Mason of Rochester.

—Miss Esther Erhart entertained her piano pupils of this place with a picnic at Colegrove on Wednesday. They left here on the morning train, returning in the afternoon.

—After the first of the year, Olean will have its population somewhat increased. They will take into the city East, West, North and South Olean and Boardmanville.

—"The Real Widow Brown" was the attraction at the Lyceum Tuesday evening. The Real Widow was all right but for the company she keeps. The black face monologue sketch could have been worse only if there had been more of it.

—The Gallup and Comes families held their annual reunions at Frog Camp last week from Tuesday until Friday, inclusive. Both were largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Athletics, a [illegible], music, and dancing held [illegible] of the reunions.

—County Chairman Fred D. Gallup will open Republican headquarters in Bradford at No. 3 Congress street on September 1st. This date is to mark the opening of the campaign in this county.

—It is rumored that we are soon to have a fife and drum corps in our midst. The instruments have arrived and John E. Chadwick has been engaged to instruct the members. This organization is composed mostly of boys ranging from 14 to 20 years of age.

—The regular meeting of the McKean County Pomona Grange will be held at Farmers Valley on Wednesday and Thursday, September 2d and 3d. J. T. Ailman, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Grange, will be present and all members are requested to attend.

—Arthur T. Burnell, agent for the Russell Sage Foundation, of New York, is in town looking over the records at the court house relative to homeless and indigent children. The Russell Sage Foundation is under the direction of Mrs. Sage and is doing a great deal of charity work for children.

—The Bradford Record has been sold. Harry W. Shoemaker and G. Scott Smith, the former owners, have turned that paper over to Earnest G. Smith of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the owner of the Leader and Times of that city, the new propietor taking control on Thursday last. We wish Brother Smith success.

—A letter from F. G. Lindholm formerly of this place and well-known throughout this section, states that he will open a ladies' specialty store at Greensburg, Pa., about September 15th. Mr. Lindholm still holds all his interests in the Kane and Clearfield stores, but will devote most of his time to the new store.

—If we get used to looking at the jolly side of things, we'll soon find things radiating back brightness and good cheer with interest. Life is like a French-plate mirror, and reflects back to us our smiles or frowns. Cultivate a smile or cheerful disposition, and it's dollars to pinks that you find happiness every day in the week.

—Last November Solomon J. Rosenbloom mysteriously disappeared from his home in Windber, Pa., and on Friday last his remains were found in a swamp near Camden, N. J. His wife and daughter who had left Windber were apprehended in Baltimore and when placed under arrest Mrs. Rosenbloom made a confession to the effect that her son had admitted to her that he had killed his father in their store during a quarrel and had his body shipped away in a trunk. They then gave out the statement that the murdered man had gone to New York. Young Rosenbloom is still at large.

—The courts have decided that a woman may wear any sort of clothes she wants. Of course she can. It seems amazing that there ever was a man so bold as to dispute this proposition. When this world comes to the condition that men can regulate the costumes of women, the millennium will be with us—or something a good deal worse.

—Tony Fancon, aged 14 years, died at the Bradford hospital this morning at 4 o'clock, as the result of injuries which he sustained while at work in the woods near Limestone, one week ago. The boy was knocked down by a log which rolled over his head. He became unconscious Sunday and so continued until his death, says this morning's Era.

—Hon. R. P. Habgood departed Tuesday evening for New York city where he will attend a conference of the Presidents of the Republican State Leagues of all the States in the Union. Mr. Habgood will represent Pennsylvania. He will then go to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., to arrange for the 22d annual convention of Republican clubs to be held in that city on Sept. 16-18.—Bradford Era.

—Henry Beams of Warren, Pa., is at the Olean hospital paralyzed from a broken neck. On Sunday morning at 3 o'clock he slipped and fell from a Pennsylvania train which was on a trestle at Riverside Junction. As he fell his shoulders struck the ends of the ties and when found on the ground, later, he was paralyzed from the shoulders down. His neck had been broken. Attending physicians say that he may recover, but the chances are against him.

—Antonio Lagorio, founder of the Pasteur institute and conqueror of hydrophobia, has become inoculated with the disease he long has fought. The famous specialist became infected with the hydrophobia germ while experimenting on a rabbit in his laboratory. He is now a patient at his own institution, under the care of his assistant, Dr. G. B. Bruno, and testing the efficiency of his own treatment. Although the disease has [illegible] physician says he is not at all alarmed.

—[illegible] was that when [illegible] headquarters, says the [illegible] Constable Cline [illegible] the prisoner was [illegible] St. Marys [illegible] the court [illegible] There was several statutes and one of these, by a stroke of bad luck [illegible] connected [illegible] [illegible] lynx-eyed officers since that time, [illegible] stable Cline will have to make good the loss.

—The [illegible] pug of Mrs. L. O'Connor, which has been taking a nip now and then from some of the [illegible] legs and arms in that neighborhood overstepped the bounds of propriety yesterday when he fastened his teeth in the body of the young son of Wm. Allen. Mr. Allen is a little quick tempered any way and he don't believe in raising children to feed dogs on, so he just went after Mr. [illegible] and [illegible] revolver, and say, if you [illegible] just ask some of those [illegible] Pug.—Austin Autograph.

—A [illegible] reports from Forest County [illegible] Fritz Kightlinger, a woodsman, became jealous of his young wife and is now in prison at Tionesta on the charge of shooting her twice with a shotgun from ambush. The woman was wounded seriously in the head and shoulders and at last reports her condition was precarious. Kightlinger is another one of those brave Americans who believe in the murder cure for inconstancy. When he is on trial he will probably use insanity or the unwritten law as a plea.

—At the Smethport Lyceum on next Thursday evening, September 3, the sterling young actor, George D. Mackey will be seen in Howard Hall's well-known comedy drama, "The Boy With the Boodle." The play is in four acts and tells a pretty story of life on the east side, New York city. The entire production is carried by the company and is a feast for the lovers of art. The supporting company includes Cora Page Snyder, the handsome young leading lady, who will wear some beautiful gowns. Prices, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

—Mrs. Eva L. Sprague, aged 55 years, died at her home in Duke Centre, yesterday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock after a brief illness. Deceased was born in Eldred and had lived in that vicinity all her life. She was a member of the Eastern Star of Duke Centre and a most estimable woman. Besides her husband, E. E. Sprague, she leaves to mourn her loss, two sons, Eugene and William Sprague of Duke Centre; two daughters, Mrs. E. H. Bessie of Bradford, and Miss Mary Sprague of Duke Centre. The funeral services will be held at the house at 10 a. m. and at 11 a. m. at the M. E. church of Duke Centre on Friday. Interment at Oak Hill cemetery. Bradford says to-day's Era.

—Joseph Danial Neipling died at his home in Port Allegany on Monday of last week, after a long illness from cancer of the stomach. He was aged 57 years, having been born in Badstowe, N. J., March 17, 1851. He was a glass worker by trade and lived in Smethport for a time during the earlier days of the industry here. He is survived by two sons Jerome H. and Bert E. of Port Allegany two brothers, James H. of Bradford and Charles of Bridgeton, N. J., and one sister, Mrs. Harriet Pratt of Waterford, N. J. The funeral was held from his late home on Wednesday and his remains were taken to Clayton, N. J. for interment beside his wife whose death occurred last February.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence.—Alberta Stordvcipt.

Personal Mention.

J. M. Hilton was down from Tionitor on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Brooks was in Bradford on business Tuesday.

B. S. Bayle had business in Mt. Jewett the first of the week.

Fred D. Gallup was a business visitor in Bradford on Monday.

Luther Brooks is transacting business in Buffalo for a few days.

Miss Laura Swartz of Bradford is the guest of Miss Hazel Green.

B. C. Gallup of Port Allegany was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Will Blake of Bradford passed Sunday with his sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mrs. Jennie Tracy of Buffalo is visiting at the home of her father, D. L. Forsythe.

Roy Stark is spending a few days in town with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stark.

Mrs. E. V. Lewis of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting her mother, Mrs. B. L. Knapp.

Miss Martha Pollard of Medina, N. Y., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harris.

Misses Edith and Lena Young are the guests of their sister, Ella, at Buffalo this week.

Miss Nellie Carr of Washington, D. C., is visiting at the home of her brother, Enos Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell and family left Sunday for Philadelphia in their automobile.

Blon McClellan and Frank Gallup of Mt. Jewett were calling on friends in town Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Thomas returned from Chautauqua where she has been for the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy E. Brown returned yesterday from a two weeks' visit to Chautauqua lake.

Miss Mary Jennings of Philadelphia is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Treyon.

Rex Stark returned home Friday from a two months' outing at Atlantic City and other summer resorts.

Mrs. H. W. [illegible] and daughters, [illegible] and Stella, left Tuesday for a few days' visit in Buffalo.

Dr. and Mrs. John Preston of Rochester are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Preston of this place.

Miss Rose Allen returned home Saturday. Miss Allen has been spending her vacation at Chautauqua, N. Y.

W. L. [illegible], Republican candidate for county commissioner, was a Bradford visitor the fore part of the week.

Mrs. L. A. Mattingly and daughter, [illegible], of [illegible], were guests of Mrs. Allen Park the forepart of the week.

Miss Nellie Gill was called to her home in Painesville, Ohio, on account of the recent death of her mother, Mrs. James Gill.

Mrs. Mark Pomeroy and daughter, Catherine of Port Allegany are guests of Mrs. Pomeroy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible].

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] returned to their home in Olean on Monday after a week's visit with relatives and friends in this place.

Welsh Hopper of this office left Tuesday morning for Hornell, where he will spend the week with his parents and at the county fair.

Miss Lena Everson of Chicago and Miss Mabel Hackenberry of Bradford are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walker.

L. E. Schoonmaker, who is a music teacher in Buffalo, has returned to his duties after a visit with his parents in East Smethport.

Miss Blanche Chilcothe returned to her home in East Smethport Friday from Chautauqua, where she had been for the past two months.

Mrs. Ira Lucas of Winthrop, Maine, arrived in town Monday and will remain in this and other surrounding towns for the next few months.

The Edinboro Normal is commended by County and City Superintendents also by Principals of High Schools for its efficient work. Fall term opens Sept. 8th, 1908. John F. Bigler, Prin.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

MOTHERS

ARE YOU GOING TO WAIT UNTIL

A REAL BARGAIN IN

School Suits

is gone and the best patterns are sold before you buy? 'Tis worth while to come a long ways to dress up your boy in a good wearing stylish suit at A SAVING of from $1.00 to $3.00 on a suit.

SCHOOL SUITS AT

$3.00 and $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50, $5.00 and $5.50, $6.50 and $7.50.

$2.25, $3.00, $3.50, $4.50.

Single Pants, Blouses, Caps and Shoes

At BARGAIN PRICES, too.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Want Your Dollars Stretched?

This store will do it for you—double their purchasing power on lots of things—make them reach half again as far on others.

We're clearing out the odd lots of all sorts making ready for fall business—that's the reason for the Great Price Reductions.

Look over this list of Bargains then come to the store and get your share.

White Waists—values $1.00 to 2.00, good assortment	at 50c.
Parasols—values $1.00 to 6.50, white and colors	at Half Price
Ladies' Vests—2 lots, Black and White, value 25c	at 13c.
Ladies' Vests—1 lot, Black only, value 50c	at 25c.
Corsets—1 lot, assorted styles, value $1.00 to 1.50	at 50c
Wrist Bags—1 lot, assorted styles, value $1.00	at 75c
Cluett Shirts—1 lot, Soft Collars and Cuffs, value $2.00	at $1.50
Cluett Shirts—1 lot, Soft Collars and Cuffs, value $1.50	at $1.13
B. V. D. Drawers—value 50c	at 25c
Boys' Shirts—Soft Collars and Cuffs	at 25c

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

I have everything in the Grocery Line that you need, and my prices are right. Give me a trial and be convinced.

I have just received a supply of nice Olives. We also handle Olives in the bulk, which are just the thing to take when you go for an outing.

Now is the time that moths are working on your winter clothes. If you find this so try Hygeno. It is also good to keep away ants, and the best thing in market to keep flies off cattle. In fact, Hygeno can't be beat for a disinfectant and to keep away vermin.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$10.60 from Smethport

—TO—

Atlantic City,

CAPE MAY,

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY,

NEW JERSEY.

AUGUST 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

Up Country.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE.

Copyright, 1905, by Alice Louise Lee.

SHE boarded a Broadway car at Fourteenth street, New York, being blown and jerked through the doorway and into the only empty seat space left.

It was an exceedingly narrow space, encroached upon on one side by a big red faced man and on the other by a dark hued son of Hungary.

Joy, being small, occupied the edge of the middle ground and stood her dripping umbrella in front of her. Then she leaned over the load of schoolbooks hugged under one arm and surveyed the hem of her skirt. It was damp.

"Oh, dear," she mourned inwardly. "I can just see it shrink, and it's the one Jim liked best!"

She squeezed herself farther back on the seat with a feeling of guilt. Three months before she had not had Jim's preferences so clearly in mind, but three months in New York had altered Joy's standpoint.

"OH, DEAR, I CAN JUST SEE IT SHRINK!"

She clicked back the tears—they lay so near the surface now—and opened a book, but her thoughts would wander back to the "up country" which she had left; not content to settle down in the village school or in a village home either, for that matter, after graduating from a normal college.

"Twenty-third street!" called the conductor.

Joy looked forlornly out into the early wet darkness and gave a sudden exclamation.

A car from the West Twenty-third street ferry had disgorged a crowd of transfers that were making a rush for her car. These the conductor met by the monotonous command, "Let 'em off—let 'em off!"

The crowd paused, held in check by a young man with a general appearance of squareness. His shoulders were square. So were his firm lower jaw and his tanned forehead.

As to his dealings, Joy could testify that they also were square, too square sometimes, in that he had taken her at her word and for three dreary months remained silent.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it's Jim!"

Fortunately neither the large man nor the son of Hungary understood the English language or the language of tones or they would have suspected that a Klondike had suddenly been rolled to the feet of the damp little public school substitute between them.

Impulsively she struggled to her feet under the impression that she was going to meet Jim and as impulsively sat down again, remembering that she could not. Would he see her? She waited breathlessly, with parted lips, when he entered.

In looking for a seat his eyes traveled straight past the now trembling little substitute without seeing her. A big lump rose in her throat. Perhaps he did not wish to see her. Perhaps he had been in the city for weeks and had not looked her up. It was just as well, she reasoned, that he had not, because her landlady had recently rented the parlor, so there would have been no place for him to sit, but—but she wanted to be remembered just the same.

The lump in her throat increased in size, and the lights blurred. "Up country" she had been of too great importance to be overlooked.

The square young man had found a seat on the same side of the car, and nothing of him was visible from Joy's position save the hand bag at his feet. Joy had not noticed this before. It proclaimed the fact that he had just arrived, and she was suddenly enabled to swallow the lump in her throat.

At Thirty first street an old colored mammy boarded the car and, after one look at the full seats, clung to a strap. There was an instant's pause, and then Joy's eyes glowed softly and Joy's heart beat warmly.

"That's like Jim," she whispered to herself. "That's the way they do up country," for the square young man was clinging to the strap and the colored mammy was seated.

His back was toward Joy now—his straight, square shouldered back. It rested her just to look at it. She had not realized before how tired she was. Being only a substitute, she was the natural prey of every grade in the great school building where her task was the unenviable one of taking the place of absent teachers, one day in this room, one day in that, a stranger to every pupil, who celebrated her advent by a display of all the tricks known to the east side youth.

"Forty-second!" called the conductor.

Joy arose, trembling. She wondered if she could speak to Jim without crying. She had such a silly desire to cry. Jim solved her problem unexpectedly by reaching over, picking up his hand bag from between his feet and pushing his way out ahead of her, little dreaming for whom he was making a path.

He did not know, until he stood on the curb and raised his umbrella. Then he discovered that it sheltered two, and the other was looking up with an adorable expression of timidity in her face and a little timid quaver in the voice which said, "How do you do, Jim?"

"Joy!" cried Jim.

Down went the hand bag hard on the wet pavement, and Joy's damp gloved hand was enveloped in a big dry one and held there tightly while Jim's eyes, thrown off their guard by the unexpectedness of the meeting, said things he had resolved they never should repeat, while he answered her greeting with an emphasis which brought the color to her pale cheeks.

"I'm doing very well now, thank you."

Then they both laughed, Joy with a little girlish giggle which sounded strange to her own ears. It had been so long since she had laughed out of sheer happiness.

Some one pushing against them brought them back to a realization of time and place. Jim released her hand, asking vaguely, "And is everything well with you, Joy?"

Joy hesitated. Could she answer the question without giving way to the pent up feeling of three months?

"Oh, I"— she began and paused, looking away.

Jim, glancing down at her averted face, suddenly remembered things. There was an abrupt change in his manner. Stooping, he picked up his grip, saying dryly, "A foolish question to ask after hearing some of your letters read."

Then, without looking at her, he asked, "Which car do you take?"

"Crosstown east," she replied in a muffled tone.

As Jim signaled a car he volunteered the information stiffly, "I'm in the city on business."

"Oh!" faintly from Joy, but she smiled.

Within the car there was but scant seating room, and Joy snuggled back behind Jim's shoulder, saying to herself: "Such a foolish boy! Such a dear, foolish boy!"

Aloud she asked quietly, "Jim, what did you mean about my—my letters?"

Jim sat bolt upright, looking through the opposite window. "Your aunt read me some of them, that told how you were enjoying yourself down here and how much livelier New York life is than our 'up country' life. I believe you wrote that the people here called it 'up country'?"

"Yes," came in a low tone from behind his shoulder. Joy's pride had dictated those letters.

"And then you wrote about the school—what a magnificent building you were in and how fine it is to be part of a school with fifty teachers instead of an insignificant six."

"Oh!" exclaimed Joy. "Did I say that?" But she knew without asking. She had been so determined that no one up country should suspect her regret.

Jim nodded, staring persistently out of the opposite window and continued steadily. "Then she read one, the letter about your boarding house and what nice people are there"—

"Oh," interrupted Joy, "did she read you that letter?"

Jim squared his shoulders defiantly. "She did."

Behind his arm Joy was smiling faintly, while into her eyes crept an expression of mischief as she peered around the aggressive shoulder at the face set aggressively toward the window.

"Let's see"—Joy's tone was softly speculative—"what else did I write in regard to the boarders?"

No reply.

"I think it was in that letter I told about the lawyer who sits opposite me at table, but perhaps auntie didn't read you that part," demurely.

STARING OUT OF THE OPPOSITE WINDOW.

Only an indistinct affirmation from Jim.

"A very bright man," observed Joy.

"So you said in the letter," grimly.

"Rather nice looking."

If Jim had not been so intent on the opposite window he would have detected the smile in Joy's tone.

"Handsome, the letter said."

"He addresses his remarks almost exclusively to me."

"Exclusively, the letter said."

"Madison avenue!" called the conductor.

A moment later Jim and Joy stood on the curb under one umbrella waiting for a blockaded car. Jim stood straight and stiff holding the umbrella high over their heads, admitting the cold, wet world to their conference.

"Jim," said Joy softly, glancing up. "Jim."

His face relaxed at her tone, but his voice was still grim and the umbrella held high.

"The schoolhouse is a handsome building—on the outside. Just as I wrote. But, Jim, the pupils up country are so much nicer. Of course I'm only a substitute, they say, but oh, you never saw such actions!"

Jim's muscles stiffened suggestively.

"I'd just like to get at 'em," he muttered.

"And, Jim"—Joy's tone was lower and her face hidden—"it's true, of course, that life here is livelier than it is up country for some, but not for me. All I do is to go to school in the morning and go back to my hall bedroom at night. Oh, I hate it!" with suppressed vehemence.

The umbrella wavered and dropped lower over their heads. Jim's face was eager, but his voice sounded a jealous note as he prompted, "But there are all the nice people at the boarding house."

Joy shook her head. "It takes so long to make acquaintances here, Jim. I don't really know any of the boarders—that is, any one worth knowing."

Again the umbrella wavered—dropped a little lower, but rose again as Jim hesitated jealously. "That lawyer, Joy?"

Joy smiled and glanced bravely up, although her eyes were moist. But behind the tears gleamed the mischief as she replied:

"I—I didn't tell all the truth about the lawyer, Jim. He—he has a wife out west suing for a divorce, and I don't blame her a bit."

The umbrella wavered no longer, but dropped promptly close above their heads. A car, escaping the blockade in front of the Grand Central station, came groaning around the curve and stopped. All the waiting transfers save two scrambled on board. Those two were not aware of the existence of that car or the one which followed, so successfully did the big umbrella from "up country" shut out the cold, rainy world.

THE BIG UMBRELLA SHUT OUT THE WORLD.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
~~$1.75~~ IN ADVANCE.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Persians.

The people of Persia are intelligent, adaptable, hospitable and sociable. They have kindly and generous instincts. They are very sensitive to the opinions that their neighbors have of them, particularly in matters intellectual. Their amour propre is seldom for their country, but more often for themselves, their town, or their religion. Still, it is a strong feeling. In moral matters it is easier to induce them to exceed their duty than to perform it strictly. They are very commercial in their ideas, but their notion of commerce is rather to effect a coup, and whether in business or in ordinary behavior a transaction where you simply do the right thing without seeking either much advantage or much credit will always strike them as hopelessly banal. They are therefore very unreliable, and appear to the western to be lacking in character. They are extraordinarily apt at imitation, and they quickly conform themselves to any change of circumstances. This seems to be partly owing to their lack of depth and to the usual absence of a desire to change anything under the surface, but this lack of depth is only comparative. A Persian is not a fool, and on certain matters that are thrust before his eyes he sees much more deeply than the European.—Contemporary Review.

A Spanish Street Scene.

In nothing is the illiterate condition of Spain shown as in the numerous writing booths which line the streets of Barcelona. Spain has preserved much of the picturesque life of past ages, and even at the present day in many of its towns may be seen the watchman with pike and lantern, going his nightly rounds not far from a fine street brilliantly illuminated by the electric light.

In the Rambla, the principal street of Barcelona, may be seen several of these writing booths of the public scribes. There for a small consideration the illiterate or any one else may have anything indited from the poetry of a love epistle to the prosaic application for a situation. The front of each booth is placarded with the name of the scribe and the services he is prepared to render to his customers. Some scribes combine the art of painting with that of writing, and all add to their activities the business of registry offices for servants.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

Charles H. Gould, librarian at McGill university library, Montreal, has been elected president of the American Library association.

Senator Samuel H. Piles of Washington state, fifty years of age, started life in a logging camp and is now one of the wealthy men of the Pacific coast.

The oldest couple in Franklin, Me., are Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Card, aged eighty-two and seventy-eight respectively. They recently celebrated the sixty-first anniversary of their marriage.

R. S. Dobbs of Great Barrington, Mass., has a watch the case of which he says is more than 150 years old and handmade. It is of such soft gold that the least pressure upon it will cause an indentation.

Miss Sara C. Murray, a graduate of Radcliffe, has received the degree of Ph. D., magna cum laude, from Munich university, Germany. She is only twenty-three years old and is studying in Germany with the intention of teaching when she returns to this country.

Nine years ago John C. Meyers swam from Alton to St. Louis, twenty-six miles, in 7 hours. Recently Miss Lottie Mayer did it in 5 hours and 18 minutes. Practically throughout the remarkable trip Miss Mayer swam overhand. Occasionally she shifted to the side stroke for variation. At no time did she float on her back.

Miss Gertrude Holland Wren has received the "Pereira" medal from the Pharmaceutical Society of England. The medal is looked upon as the blue ribbon of pharmacy and has never before been won by a woman. Miss Wren also won the silver medal for practical chemistry and was bracketed first for the silver medal in chemistry and physics.

For the purpose of studying again the choosing of a president and the methods employed to win votes in a national campaign, Moses I. Ostrogorski, the distinguished Russian savant and author of "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," has come to the United States and will remain in the country until next November's election.

Plays and Players.

A comedy playlet entitled "The Money Lender" will soon be produced by Nat S. Jerome.

It is announced that next season Dorothy Donnelly will star under the management of Henry B. Harris in a new play by Charles Klein.

James Forbes, the author of "The Chorus Lady," Agnes and Egerton Castle and Martha Morton have contracted to write plays for Henry B. Harris.

"Pierre of the Plains," a dramatization of Gilbert Parker's play "Pierre and His People," will be the medium in which Edgar Selwyn will appear next season.

Mr. Alfred Maltby, a member of the famous English theatrical family, has been engaged by Henry W. Savage to play the role of Baron Popoff in "The Merry Widow."

Ingratitude.

Revenge for past favors.

Forgetfulness of the heart.

Repudiating the soul's debts of honor.

Stabbing the hand that has fed us.

Treason usurping the place of thankfulness.

Inability to forgive those who have done us a kindness.

Some one's confession that we are no longer necessary to him.

Accepting friendship's dividends, but refusing to pay its assessments.

The cowardice of the deserter in the hour of a benefactor's need.

The devil's highway from thoughtlessness, thanklessness to treachery.—William George Jordan in New York Tribune.

Scraps of Science.

A new machine to dispose of the ashes which accumulate in the fire rooms of vessels expels them through the keel so forcibly that they cannot scour the hull or come into contact with the propeller tubes.

Visual proof that the earth moves is furnished at Columbia university, New York, where a pendulum ninety-one feet long, suspended from the dome of a chapel, swings several inches out of the perpendicular.

By the use of an automatic reel which will maintain a uniform tension, yet permit its length to vary as the motion of a ship demands, a life saving cableway and breeches buoy has been made practicable for use on vessels.

The New Testament.

Number of books, 27.
Number of chapters, 260.
Number of verses, 7,959.
Number of words, 181,258.
Number of letters, 838,380.

The middle is the second epistle to the Thessalonians.

The middle verse is the seventeenth verse of the eighteenth of Acts.

The shortest verse is the thirty-fifth verse of the twelfth of St. John.

The middle verse in the whole Bible is the eighth verse of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Psalm.

Selections

CRATER LAKE.

A Drowned Out Volcano—Its Waters Are 2,000 Feet Deep.

The new Crater lake National park, in Oregon, already bids fair to rival as a resort for the tourists the famous Yosemite valley. People are beginning to visit it in great numbers, attracted by the unique and spectacular scenic features which it offers, and the approach to it, hitherto somewhat difficult, is being made much easier by a railroad now in process of construction.

Crater lake gets its name from the fact that it occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. Five miles in diameter and nearly circular in shape, it is the deepest body of fresh water in America. Soundings have fixed its depth at 2,000 feet. Only one lake in the world, that of Baikal, is deeper—by 400 feet. In other respects, however, it is altogether unique. Encircled as it is by almost vertical cliffs, which are reflected in the clear and brilliant blue of the water, it presents to the eye a spectacle unsurpassed.

As a great natural and scenic feature of this country Crater lake ranks with Niagara falls and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is unique and in its way unrivaled. There are in the United States hundreds of extinct volcanic craters, but this is our only great one.

Think of it! This mighty hole in the summit of the Cascade range is nearly six miles in diameter and over two-thirds of a mile in depth. Once upon a time it was filled with boiling lava. Today it contains a beautiful lake of fresh water, which is encircled by a ring of precipitous cliffs from 500 to 2,500 feet high without break or outlet.

The extraordinary depth of the lake naturally led to a widespread popular belief to the effect that it had no bottom. It is a familiar kind of delusion. Any small body of water, wherever found, whose bottom is beyond reach by the longest fishing line is sure to gain the repute of being bottomless. Within two miles of New Haven, Conn., is a cleft in the hills that is occupied by a large pond called Lake Saltonstall. Though considerably less than 200 feet in depth, it is declared by people who live in its neighborhood to have no bottom. No wonder, then, that Crater lake, with an actual depth of 2,000 feet, should be imagined to possess no floor whatever.—Technical World.

Explaining by Rubber Stamp.

"It comes all so often," said a business man. "I get a letter, typewritten, of course (what other kind does one get nowadays?), with a signature unfamiliar to me, though the name is familiar enough. Under the name is an explanation, put on with a rubber stamp, running something like this: 'Dictated but not signed by Mr. ——, as he had left the office.'

"It's a commentary on the rushing age we live in. Naturally the sender had expected to sign the letter, but something more important intervened. A telegram or telephone message maybe or perhaps some one of the daily crises in affairs required his undivided attention. Anyway, off goes the letter with its evidence of haste, of there being more things to attend to than can be handled properly. I'm not saying that all this is not necessary. I have proofs—too many of them—that it is."—New York Press.

Religious Suicide.

A new and strange phase of religious fervor seems to be spreading among the Buddhist monks in Burma. It is religious suicide. The pioneer of this mania was a monk devoted to ecstatic meditation until the desire seized him to be free from earthly passions. So he repaired to a pagoda and wrapped himself in thirteen monastic robes besides his own, having first saturated them with oil. He then sat cross legged on a bit of leather, lighted the oil and remained firm, fervently praying. As soon as the smoke arose all the monks and people near by came rushing up to him, but none thought of putting the fire out or of helping the unfortunate man in any way. They looked on till the fire ended and then carried the body away and gave it a very fine funeral.—Straits Echo.

Big Fee For a Sermon.

Four thousand nine hundred dollars for one sermon! It is enough to make even the most prosperous clergyman envious. This is the fee which the preacher at [illegible], in Prussia, received for his sermon on Whitsunday, which [illegible] Baron Tavern, a wealthy Prussian, provided in his will for an annual sermon to be preached in the Protestant church of the town. The day fixed is the first Sunday in June, and the qualification to obtain the prize is that the preacher shall hold one of the poorest parishes in the diocese and that he shall extol the virtues of the benefactor.

Balzac's House.

A pretty and very grateful exercise of authority was that which has just "classed" Balzac's house. Henceforth it is to rank as a "historic monument." You may visit it if you like next time you go to Paris. Write to the conservateur for permission; then look for the tablet in the Rue Raymond that bears the inscription, "In this house lived Honore de Balzac, 1842-1848." It is the only surviving abode of the author of the "Comedie Humaine."—Boston Transcript.

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
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State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—C. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. C. Hanson, Bradford.
District Attorney—[illegible] Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Donning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
[illegible] Gleason.
Constable—C. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, G. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, 2:00 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WHITING, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoons.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE KAHAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. FARLEY, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. [illegible], Pres.
JENNIE [illegible], Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 115, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Mondays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. N. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m.; midweek prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday [illegible] 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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The First Boarder.

By Temple Bailey.

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It was so different from the usual summer boarding place that Denton stopped short and eyed doubtfully the wide lawn, the massive stone house and the garden flaming with June roses.

He even looked at the great mastiff that sauntered toward him with a suspicious eye.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "are you in a fairy tale, or is this just an everyday fact?"

"Duke, come here!" called a clear voice, and the dog bounded back to the porch.

Denton followed him.

"Are you the princess?" he asked of the owner of the clear voice.

The girl flushed and stared.

"I don't understand"— she stammered.

Denton laughed. "I beg pardon," he apologized, "for boring you with my fancies. But this place is so beautiful that I thought I had stepped out of real life into fairyland and that the dog was the monster that guarded the gate and that you were the enchanted princess."

The girl's eyes twinkled. "I'm not a princess," she told him. "I'm your landlady."

Something of a disappointment crept into Denton's expression.

"Then you are Mrs. Carter?" he hazarded.

"Miss Carter," she corrected, and he looked relieved. "In the letter that I wrote you I signed myself Mehitabel Carter, and I suppose you thought I had grayhairs and wrinkles."

"The name did suggest them," he mused, watching her sparkling face.

"Every one around here calls me Belle," she explained. "But of course when one writes letters to prospective boarders one realizes that a dignified name is an asset."

"Certainly," he agreed and settled back in his chair, content to listen and look.

But his hostess was more energetic. "I'll show you your room," she said and led the way through the spacious hall and up the stairs to the second story.

When Denton came down a little later and found his landlady walking in the rose garden he said to her: "You needn't tell me! This is an enchanted castle. Who ever heard of [illegible] and [illegible] and point [illegible] friezes and a treasure of walnut furniture for $10 a week?"

A little anxious frown furrowed Miss Carter's forehead. "I was afraid I was charging too much," she said. "You see, you are my first boarder."

It appeared on further conversation that there were to be six other boarders, and they were to arrive at 7:30.

"Five of them are maiden ladies," Miss Carter explained, "and I told them they might bring their cats and parrots."

"And the other one?" Denton demanded.

"Is a man," said Miss Carter, "and he wants to bring his automobile."

Denton gazed pensively across the garden toward the purple hills. "Alas," he sighed, "and I brought only a typewriter. The automobile is the dragon that I must slay."

She stiffened a little at that.

"I don't think I quite understand," she said.

"Of course not," Denton agreed quite cheerfully, "as a writer of stories I deal much in metaphor—it isn't to be expected that you would understand. But you will—some day."

He switched to other topics and learned that the beautiful house, with its beautiful furniture, had been the girl's summer home. That the failure of her father in business and his absence to fill a position in another city made her decide that the house must support itself or be sold. So she had advertised for boarders, and, with two old and trusted servants, she was going to make it pay.

"We raise all of our vegetables," she confided, "and we have our cows and make butter, and there are plenty of chickens and eggs"—

"Don't say any more," Denton begged. "I am hungry enough as it is without hearing of real milk and butter and eggs."

She laughed. "The train is due now," she said; "as soon as the other boarders get here we will have supper."

Contrary to Denton's expectations, the six old maids proved to be delightful company. Three of them were teachers, one of them wrote for the magazines, one having a private fortune, was something of a globe trotter, and the sixth, being domestically inclined, had brought the cat and parrot.

The owner of the auto was the object of Denton's [illegible] observation. His name was Nesselrode.

"He makes me think of a pudding," Denton remarked to Miss Carter.

"I don't think he looks that way at all," Miss Carter said indignantly. "I think he is very handsome, if he is stout."

"Oh, I don't mean his looks," Denton remarked resignedly, "but his name."

Nesselrode, however, proved to be very good company, and it became quite a matter of course that the two men should spin through the country every morning in the big motor car. In the afternoon Nesselrode always took Miss Carter, and in the back seat he packed two and sometimes three of the old ladies.

"And I stay at home with the cat and parrot," Denton remarked indignantly to Miss Carter one evening when he had carried her off to the rose garden, "for the old ladies who don't go with you always take their [illegible] that time, and if it wasn't for the cat and parrot I should die of loneliness."

"It's too bad," Miss Carter murmured sympathetically.

"Too bad!" Denton flared. "It's preposterous. He takes me in the morning and you in the afternoon, and I have been here three weeks, and I haven't had an hour's comfortable conversation with you since that first day."

"When you thought I was a princess," said Miss Carter demurely.

"I still think you are a princess," said Denton ardently. He leaned toward her, and the moonlight showed his pale, eager face. "I still think you are a princess, and, now that I have found you in your enchanted castle, I yearn to carry you away with me to my kingdom"—

There was a rustle in the leaves behind them. Miss Carter sat up straight. "Who is it?" she cried sharply. "Who is there?"

"Polly, Polly," said a chuckling, wavering voice, "pretty, pretty Polly."

Then a deeper voice boomed beyond the bushes.

"Is that you, Miss Carter? I am looking for Miss Pierce's parrot."

"I can't even propose to you without his butting in," Denton complained the next night when he had Miss Carter to himself for a moment in a corner of the dark porch. "Say 'yes' before he finds us here, princess, and"—

"How do you know"— Miss Carter's voice trembled through the darkness.

"I do not know," he said softly. "I can only hope"—

As he reached out his hand to take hers his fingers touched something warm and velvety.

"Purr—urr—up," came a confiding feline murmur just as Nesselrode's lumbering figure loomed near the steps.

"Did Miss Pierce's pussy cat come over here, Denton? I've been sent to look for it."

* * * * * * *

That night a burglar entered Miss Carter's house. Denton was the first to [illegible] the alarm, and he showed the family silver piled up in the middle of the table in the dining room, with the contents of the clothes basket over it.

[illegible] he said, [illegible] and was scared away [illegible].

[illegible] very beautiful in a rosy [illegible] the silver [illegible] he said.

[illegible] "He [illegible]"

[illegible] with the six old ladies at her heels. When she came down she was as white as chalk. "My pearl necklace is gone," she said.

Denton turned to Nesselrode. "Perhaps if you took your automobile and followed the man you might get the pearls."

"But"— Nesselrode protested.

"There are no bounds in the service of a lady," Denton reminded him gravely.

And after Nesselrode had whizzed away, and the six old ladies had retired to their rooms to talk it over, Denton detained Miss Carter.

And when he had pulled down the shades, all except the low, and when he had locked the door, he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the pearl necklace.

"Miss Carter," he said, "I have"—

"But"— she gasped.

"There was no burglar," Denton declared. "I found the pearls on the porch after you went in, and that gave me the idea, and I messed up the things on the table. It was the only way that I could get to see you again tonight, and I couldn't stand another day of Nesselrode's monopolizing"—

Slowly a smile curved Miss Carter's lips.

"Any one would know you were a writer of stories," she said, "there were so many easier ways."

"I couldn't think of any," Denton said, "so I tried this."

He went toward her. "Nesselrode will be back presently. We must be quick. Oh, princess, is it 'yes'?"

Her cheeks were as rosy as her pretty gown.

"Of course when the prince storms the castle the princess surrenders."

As he kissed her they heard the "chug-chug" of the returning automobile.

Nesselrode came in, puffing. "Not a sign"— he began and stopped. The two people by the table were smiling radiantly.

"I am so sorry," Miss Carter said as she held out her hand, in which glimmered a little heap of milk white beads, "I am so sorry that you had your drive for nothing, Mr. Nesselrode, but"—she hesitated and then went on steadily—"but—but Mr. Denton found the pearls!"

Circular Storms.

Meteorologists [illegible] that what are called circular storms are not circular in the proper sense of the word. There is not merely a flow of air round, but also convergence toward a central area. There is also a large upflow over and near the central area and also an outflow above and a descent probably in the outskirts of the storm area; hence the motion is successively complicated. It is also very variable, as squalls and gusts of the most violent character may alternate with strong but less destructive winds; in the cyclonic storms of the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere the winds in the same quadrant of cyclonic storms and from the same general direction differ largely in their meteorological character.

Their Reconciliation.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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Just before the trestle was reached the fat man in the corner seat rose and left the car, reducing the number of its occupants to two. The conductor smiled softly to himself as he gave the go ahead signal.

He could remember the time when instead of sitting at opposite ends of the car, as they were at present, the man and the girl shared the same cross seat on their daily ride into town.

As the two bells sounded the motor began to hum, and presently the suburban car rumbled on to the trestle which cut forty minutes off the running time from the city to Bayview by spanning two miles of salt water on sturdy piles.

The sun silvered the crests of the tiny waves, while the summer breeze kicked up and frosted the wake of the steamer now slowly approaching the draw in the channel on the other side of the island. It was an ideal summer afternoon, and no prettier spot could have been found than Sound bay, but its beauties were entirely lost on the two passengers, though the motorman, to whom the bay was an old story, regarded the scene with pleasure.

Tom Norton and Lucy Brayling, each busy with his or her thoughts, gave no heed to the blue bay, with its silver tipped waves. They had met today for the first time since the dreadful night two weeks ago before when Lucy had broken her engagement.

This had followed a trivial quarrel. Lucy had announced that she was taking cooking school lessons, and Tom had teased her about it. The day had been hot, and she had taken his joking seriously, with the result that when Tom had come away the ring he had slipped on her finger with such glowing hopes a few weeks before was tucked in his pocket, while at his heart there lay a burden of dull despair.

Blundering, he had tried to explain that he was only speaking in jest, but Lucy had spent half the day over a hot stove, and to have Tom poke fun at the cake which had been the result of her labors was too much for tired [illegible], and she would listen to no apology.

Now as the car rolled along she kept her [illegible] straight ahead through the front windows, and Tom pretended an absorption in the scenery as viewed from the rear platform, though neither was conscious of the beauty of the day.

The car had just reached the island end of the channel when with a sudden whir the motor came to a stop and the car rolled on a few yards and halted. The motorman climbed down to the trestle and examined the fuse, then he climbed back again and threw on the power.

A second time he climbed down, and on his return he tested the lights and found that they would not burn. The conductor made his way forward, and presently he too dropped to the track and made his way toward the still open draw.

The motorman came inside and took a seat opposite Lucy after admitting ignorance as to the cause of the delay. It was not until the conductor came back from the draw, where a telephone was installed, that they knew the worst.

"The power house is afire," he reported. "The fire chief wouldn't let his men go until the power was shut off, and here we are to stay until the fire is put out and the switchboard is repaired."

"I suppose that we can walk," suggested Tom. "The ties are close together."

The conductor glanced through the rear of the car. "You can if the walking's good on the water," he assented. "Both draws are open, and they can't close them until we get power again."

"How long do you suppose that we shall have to stay here?" asked Lucy despairingly.

"Four or five hours," was the unconsoling response. "The switchboard burned once before, and it took six hours to fix it."

"But surely they will send a boat after us," suggested Lucy hopefully. "If you learned what the matter was there must have been a telephone at the draw."

"There is," admitted the conductor, "but just now there isn't no one at the other end of the line. I bet they're burned out. It ain't a city line, you know."

Lucy turned her attention to the scenery again, and the conductor and the motorman went out on the front platform to smoke their pipes and enjoy a chat. Tom repaired to the back platform and lit a cigar.

There was no boat in sight save the two tiny steamers that made daily trips between the city and the head of the bay. The one city bound had rounded the point, and the other was too far away to be signaled. The only chance was to hail some passing pleasure boat, and there was small chance that such craft would come this far down the bay.

For an hour, which seemed a day to the marooned ones, there was quiet in the car. Once or twice Tom turned toward Lucy, but she promptly turned her back, and Tom turned his gaze toward the bay again.

Presently the motorman and conductor raised one of the seats and drew their lunch pails from the locker. Then they returned to the front platform, ignoring the obvious hunger of their passengers.

Tom saw that Lucy was gazing hungrily at the feast. Cheerfully he sprang up and entered the car.

"I don't want to annoy you," he said diffidently, "but will you lend me your aid in teaching those fellows a lesson? I did some marketing for mother in the city, and I've a steak and some other stuff in that bundle. We can build a fire on the shore and cook the steak on a stick, as we used to when we were children."

For a moment pride and hunger struggled; then hunger won, and presently Tom was assisting Lucy down the trestle to the sandy shore of the island, and by the time the fire was built his mother's supplies were ready for the sacrifice. In addition to the steak, there was a loaf of bread from a fashionable bakery and even a box of fine table salt of a sort not obtainable in Bayview. The steak was cut into strips ready for broiling.

The fragrant fumes of hot meat attracted the crew of the car, but not until Lucy and he had eaten their fill did Tom permit the two men to have a morsel. Then while the motorman took his turn as cook he and Lucy sought the other side of the island. The ice was broken now, and they chatted as though such things as cooking schools and their evil effects upon the digestion were unknown.

"It makes me think of when we were little tots," cried Lucy as Tom lighted a cigarette. "You always used to smoke corn silk cigarettes after we had one of our al fresco meals."

"Those were great times," he responded, with a laugh. "Do you remember how we used to plan to grow up as quickly as we could so that we might keep a real house and have ice cream for dessert every day?"

"And we were going to make fruit cake instead of [illegible] and have a slice between meals whenever we wanted it," supplemented Lucy. "It all seems so far away."

"And yet it was so near," he reminded. "Just because I happened to feel as though I could not be serious, no matter how hard I tried, I went and spoiled it all."

"But we were both wrong that night," protested the girl. "I should not have been so serious."

What followed this remark is not necessary for publication, and it was some minutes before the two returned to mundane interests.

"Hurrah!" shouted Tom, and Lucy looked at him in surprise. Then she turned to follow his gesture of direction and echoed his cheer. The draw was slowly swinging into place. The current was on again.

Regretfully the conductor suspended his culinary operations and the motorman went back to his post with a slice of steak sandwiched between two slices of bread. In a few minutes they were rattling over the closed draw and home was in sight again.

"Have you the ring still?" asked Lucy as they left the car at their corner.

"I'll bring it over tonight," he promised. "I'll be over early. You make a fruit cake, and I'll bring the cream."

"A cooking school fruit cake?" she demanded teasingly.

"A Lucy fruit cake," corrected Tom, with a smile. "It's [illegible] that you took it."

"But there's [illegible] time," objected the girl.

"Then let's have some more steaks," suggested Tom. "That tasted better than fruit cake awhile ago, with you across the fire. We ought to be very grateful to the [illegible]."

"And to the steak," suggested Lucy. "It was the steak that compelled surrender."

But her eyes told a different story, and Tom regarded a passing trolley with a glance of positive affection as he turned in at his gate.

Better Than Police.

The first thing the victim of a robbery should do, says Lincoln L. Steffens in the American Magazine, is to telephone to the newspapers rather than to the police. He says:

"The police everywhere warn citizens not to let anybody but the police know of such troubles. They say that if the newspapers get hold of the news they will publish it. This will frighten away the thieves and prevent the police from recovering the stolen property. This is only a police trick to avoid criticism. They give to the press all their successes; they suppress their failures, and thus keep up the appearance of efficient service. As a matter of fact, the first thing that the victim of a robbery should do is to telephone to the newspapers—all of them. That would soon show what a small proportion of the reported cases a detective bureau like that of New York detects, and it will make the police work on your case."

Shoeing the Habitant.

Families of French Canadian farmers often run into large numbers, as is demonstrated by the following written order received by the proprietor of a Quebec shoe store: "You will put some shoe on my little familles like this, and send by Sam Jameson, the carrier: One man, Jean St. Jean (me), forty-two years; one woman, Sophie St. Jean (she), forty-one years; Hermedes and Leonore, nineteen years; Honore, eighteen years; Celina, seventeen years; Narcisse, Octivia and Phyllis, sixteen years; Olivia, fourteen years; Phillippe, thirteen years; Alexandre, twelve years; Rosina, eleven years; Bruno, ten years; Pierre, nine years; Eugene, we loss him; Edouard and Eliza, seven years; Adrien, six years; Camille, five years; Zoel, four years; Joseph, three years; Moise, two years; Muriel, one year; Hillaire he go barefoot). How much?"

When Betty Came Home.

By C. B. LEWIS.

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The arrangement was satisfactory all around. Mrs. Hardin, the widowed mother, accompanied by her daughter Betty and maid, was to spend July and August at a seashore resort. Will Hardin, the son, and his college chum, Frank Archer, were to keep bachelors' hall in the Long Island manor house.

The faithful old servant who had acted as cook for many years past was willing to remain to care for their wants and keep the house from being turned into a stable, but she was given two months off with wages and told to make herself scarce.

All went well at home and at the seashore for a month. Then the time was ripe for something to happen, and something did happen. The mother met with a fall, Miss Betty lost the only young man worth flirting with, and the maid came so near being drowned in the surf that she threatened to quit her job unless the family retired to a safe distance from the raging sea.

Miss Betty wrote her brother Will that they would arrive home on a certain date, and the date was put far enough ahead to enable the two campers to get the dishes washed up and their fish poles removed from the parlor. But what is the use of writing letters to a brother who doesn't go to the postoffice for mail? The letter arrived all right, but was not called for.

Then, on the afternoon of the evening on which the family were to arrive home, Will had to go up to Brooklyn on pressing business. It was midnight before the young lady gave an answer to his pressing question, and it was two hours later before he dropped off a freight train at the country station half a mile from home.

Archer was left to fish the time away, cook his own dinner and go to bed at any hour that suited his convenience. [illegible] and he had sixty minutes to get to sleep before the family arrived. No Will [illegible] at the depot to meet them [illegible] fortunately Miss Betty had carried her latchkey away with her [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] for two hours and then his bed [illegible] when he found himself sitting up in bed with [illegible]

He felt that somebody had disturbed him. There had been a great deal of the "Raffles" business in the country. The chances [illegible] the matter over and decided [illegible] was to be done in [illegible] under their [illegible]

They were [illegible] were to [illegible]

Getting softly out of bed and partly dressing, he congratulated himself that Will had not yet returned. Just then he distinctly heard a noise in the lower part of the house—the fall of something.

Raffles had effected an entrance and blundered over a chair. The student of chemistry hesitated no longer. He softly opened his door, and, with a lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other, he stepped out into the hall to descend the stairs.

There had certainly been a noise—two noises in fact. Mother and daughter occupied rooms at the front of the house. After sleeping for a couple of hours the mother had awakened in a nervous condition and called her daughter. This was number one.

The daughter had answered, mixed a sleeping draft and knocked the bottle off the stand to the floor. This noise had brought young Archer from his room into the hall, and he was just in time to encounter Miss Betty as she was returning to her own room.

Of course she was startled. Of course he was startled as well. They were not ten feet apart, and as they stood there staring at each other she forgot that Will was to have his chum with him, and it went clean out of his head that Will had a mother and sister anywhere on earth.

Some girls, under the circumstances, might not have been the first to recover their wits. Miss Betty was. She motioned the young man down the hall, and when he could back up no farther she advanced quite close to him and whispered:

"Mother is very nervous, and if she knew you were in the house the shock might kill her."

"Yes," replied Archer in some wonderment.

"There is some silver plate downstairs, but I'm afraid it's not very good. Do you take bric-a-brac? If so, there are a few pieces in the parlor worth your bother. Won't you please step down and take what you want and leave us alone up here?"

"But, Miss—Miss," stammered Archer, who hadn't yet got it through his head that the family had returned unexpectedly.

"We have two watches and three diamond rings up here, but if you must have them let me get them. I won't be gone more than a minute, and i wish you would be very quiet while I'm gone. I wouldn't have mother wake up for a thousand dollars."

"But see here, miss, I—I don't want your rings and watches," the blushing and confused young man managed to articulate.

"Hush! Not so loud!" she cautioned as she raised her hand and entered her room.

He stood there, feeling and looking like a polite idiot for the next two minutes, and then Betty reappeared, held out the watches and rings on her palm and whispered:

"These are all. I have been very honest with you. We are not keen for jewelry. Now won't you please go?"

"Will you tell me whom I'm speaking to?" was asked as the girl continued to hold out her hand with her ear bent to hear if her mother was stirring.

"I'm Miss Hardin."

"Great Scott!" with a gasp. "Then you must be Will's sister. Let me say to you that I am"—

"Hush! You are Raffles—Mr. Raffles, of course. Please, please go away. I wish we had twice as much to be robbed of, but you will have to be satisfied. Here—I'll put the things in your coat pocket. Now go on tiptoe. You may leave the lamp burning after you get through robbing downstairs, and I'll come down after it. Hush! Softly!"

Young Archer wanted to stop and explain, but she laid one hand on his shoulder and urged him along, and the first thing he knew he was at the foot of the stairs and a white hand was being waved to him from the top. Where should he go? What should he do? There was an awful mistake, but how was it to be rectified?

Will had said that he would be back on the 9 o'clock train. He had missed it, but might be expected at any minute now. The first thought was to go outdoors and wait for him. The second was to turn out the lamp and sit down in the library and wait for Will or daylight or something or somebody to come along and befriend him.

This second decision was final. He stood in the hall, turned the light out, and somehow he felt that eyes were upon his movements. Ensconced in a big leather chair, he had passed away half an hour [illegible] minutes and [illegible] when he heard a [illegible] rustle outside the window [illegible].

He [illegible] it, and a moment [illegible] came and [illegible] the sash. [illegible] when the [illegible] with a click, and the sash was [illegible] and slowly raised.

Young Archer [illegible] but he was [illegible] Providence who [illegible] Raffles to help him out [illegible] stood beside the window with his pistol [illegible]. He [illegible] to shoot the intruder if he stepped into the room, [illegible] chance the weapon did for and. The report of the pistol would arouse the whole house, and he had tacitly promised the girl upstairs to keep very quiet. The man who had raised the sash waited thirty seconds and then stepped over the sill to meet a blow that dropped him like a log.

He had just fallen when Will Hardin opened the front door and entered. As he [illegible] upstairs he noticed the lamp on the hall [illegible], and next instant his sister Betty came running downstairs to greet him:

"Oh, Will, we had to come home—and you didn't meet us—and mother is very frightened—Raffles has been here and robbed the house, and"—

"Raffles!" interrupted the brother.

"But it surely was Raffles. I called him Mr. Raffles, and he didn't deny his identity. I gave him all our jewelry, and then he came down for the plate. He acted real nice on mother's account."

The library door stood partly open, and of course young Archer had heard all. Now was the dramatic moment, and he came forward and showed himself. As the girl uttered an exclamation and shrank back he said:

"Will, there has been a comedy of errors, with something like a tragedy to end up with. If your sister will go upstairs and you will come in here, I think that all can be satisfactorily explained."

And all was. It was done in sections and methodically. As a first move the arms and legs of the man on the floor, who was beginning to revive, were bound. When the mask was torn from his face they saw that he was indeed the Raffles who had terrorized the manor houses for long weeks.

Then Miss Betty was brought down and formally introduced to Archer. By this time she had exchanged her wrapper for something more appropriate for receiving company. Then the stolen jewelry was restored. Then the nearest country police station was telephoned to and Raffles was removed. Then the mother awoke and said she had had a good night's sleep and felt well enough to come down to breakfast, and she didn't faint away when told of the doings of the night.

Then, as a sort of closing chapter to the events, brother Will beckoned his sister to follow him out into the shrubbery, and when they were hidden from sight of the house he turned on her and said:

"Sis, you are a brick—a regular brick."

"Yes?" she smiled.

"And Frank is a brick—a regular brick."

"Yes?"

"And by the great horn spoon, if you two bricks don't fall in love with each other and give him to me for a brother-in-law I'll—I'll—"

And then Betty blushed and laughed and ran away.

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OUR ERRATIC SENSES

Some of the Curious Facts Recorded by Physiologists.

THE PHENOMENA OF SOUND.

Squeals of Mice and the Lowest Notes of an Organ Are Inaudible to Some Persons—Peculiarities of the Delicate Sense of Smell.

If you shade the eyes, you weaken your sense of hearing. Try it with a watch and the result will surprise you. If you sip a glass of cold water, you will increase for a short time your power of vision. If you fill the mouth with water you will greatly strengthen your sense of smell.

Many similar curious facts about the senses are told by physiologists.

There is a multitude of sounds made in the world every day, for instance, which we cannot hear, however close they may be. Every sound must last a certain time in order to be heard by the ear. If it is an extremely feeble sound it must last quite two seconds or we cannot hear it. But, no matter how long it lasts, we cannot hear it if it is a very low or a very high note. Extremely small animals emit such high notes that we never hear them. Some people cannot even hear the squeal of mice. The lowest notes of an organ are mere rumbling noises to most people, and some cannot hear them at all.

It is by means of the external ear we judge the direction from which sound comes. Stand facing a clock, place your hands in front of your ears, with the palms turned back, close your eyes; you will then think the clock is behind you.

Why can some animals smell more keenly than others? It is a question of the space within the nose capable of smelling. In man this space is very small—less than one-fourth of a square inch. In dogs and most mammals it is very much larger. The porpoise has no sense of smell. Then comes man, and also the monkeys, whales and all kinds of fowl and birds, with very feeble smelling power. When people talk of vultures scenting dead bodies they make a mistake. Lions, tigers, wolves, etc., can scent them at long distances, but vultures depend on their sense of sight.

The sense of smell is exceedingly delicate. If one ounce of musk were divided into 15,000,000,000 parts one of these infinitesimal parts would be perceptible by the average person's nose. On the other hand, many people have no power to smell some substances, such as mignonette, vanilla, violets and prussic acid.

Taste is curious in the fact that different parts of the tongue appreciate different flavors. At the tip we perceive sweet tastes best, at the sides acid tastes and at the back bitter tastes. Substances must be dissolved in order to be tasted, and a dry morsel in a dry mouth has no flavor. This is why smokers cannot taste well. Their mouth glands, which manufacture saliva, are paralyzed by the tobacco. Very hot or very cold things are scarcely tasted at all. If you want to get the best flavor from your food it must be at some temperature between 50 and 95 degrees.

Every one knows how easily the sense of sight is deceived by optical puzzles. But a curious deception is practiced on us all throughout our lives, and no one ever perceives it. There is a blind spot in the eye where the optic nerve enters. In everything we look at, therefore, there is a little gap where we see nothing. But no one is aware of it, because it has been the case since we first opened our eyes.

In estimating distance we judge by the experience we gain in walking. The eye itself cannot judge distances. A near hill and a distant mountain will each form an image of the same size on the eye. We know the mountain is farther away than the hill because there are more intervening objects. But we can often make an estimate of distance, in a curious way, by the muscles of the eyeball. In order to focus a near object we must bulge the lens, and to focus a distant object we must flatten the lens. The amount of muscular labor used in doing this gives us an idea of the distance of the object.

A man seems much thinner in dark than in light clothing. All black things, in fact, appear smaller than white things of the same size. An image remains on the eye for some time after looking at an object. If the thing is very bright the image remains a long time, and sometimes if you look directly at the sun you will carry the image of it around with you for days.

Color blind people have a defective musical sense. They confuse different notes, and, curiously, the confusion of green blind people differs from the confusion of red blind people. Colors strengthen the sense of taste. Red apples and tomatoes and strawberries and green pickles taste better than the selfsame vegetables and fruit when they are paler.

For feeling we have a variety of nerves. Some spots on the skin feel pain, some warmth, some cold and some simple touch. The tip of the finger has a much better sense of touch than the forearm or the cheek. But the cheek and the forearm are far better judges of heat. In the white of the eye we can feel neither touch, heat nor cold—only pain alone—but the red lining of the eyelids can feel scarcely anything but cold. The mouth, as every one knows, can enjoy tea or coffee at a temperature that would give great pain to the hands or feet.

Habit.

Action repeated becomes habit. Habit long continued becomes second nature. We are today what we were accustomed to do yesterday and the day before.—Lyman Abbott.

Evil comes by talking of it.—Irish Proverb.

THE LONDON LANDLORD.

He Is a Tyrant, and His Tenant Is a Sort of Slave.

According to Sydney Brooks, London correspondent for Harper's Weekly, New Yorkers who live in rented flats or houses are enjoying a condition of paradise compared with the lot of the London tenant.

The British landlord, he complains, is a tyrant, and the long lease system is the basis of his tyranny. The system of twelve months' leases that obtains in New York is the Magna Charta of the tenant. It has done infinitely more for American happiness than either the Declaration of Independence or the divorce laws. It makes landlords compliant and confers upon the tenant a status of something very like equality.

To be able to take a house or a flat for a year, with the option of renewal at the same rent—a rent that in houses includes all decorations and repairs and in flats includes steam heat, electric light and a perpetual supply of hot water—is to be a free man.

What London landlords are apparently on the lookout for is a slave and a slave who, besides being a millionaire, will outlive Methuselah. Virtually it is nothing more than the skeleton framework of a home that he hands over to you for twenty-one years. The tenant does the rest.

If he wishes to add a new window or to put in the electric light it must be done at his own expense. You are to imagine a procession of tenants passing through every London house, each one of them laying out money on some pet improvement of his own—this one adding a billiard room, that one concentrating on a gas cooking range, a third lavishing parquet flooring upon the drawing room, a fourth bringing the bathroom up to date, a fifth installing a heating system, and so on. And every one of these additions becomes in the end the landlord's property.

Eleven Years.

It is eleven years since the intrepid Andree sailed away into the mysterious regions of the frozen north. The fate of him and of his balloon remains a mystery which probably will never be solved. In his day, so recent as it was, aeronautics was in its infancy. Now, with airships that can remain aloft for twelve hours, the feat he attempted is nearer possibility. One message came from him after starting, brought by a carrier pigeon to the whaler Alken. It ran thus:

July 13, 12:30 o'k noon; lat. 82 degrees 2 minutes, long. 15 degrees 5 minutes east. Good speed eastward, 10 degrees to south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon post. ANDREE.

The envelope was of parchment, saturated with paraffin, and was made fast by threads to a tail feather of the pigeon.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Long Winded Statesmen.

Soon anybody who wants to follow politics intelligently will have to go in the flesh to every important meeting. Read the speeches now he can not. This speech of Mr. Balfour to the Parents' league is one of the most important any public man has made for years. Yet the Times does not report it in full. "Mr. Balfour, after giving a resume of his previous points said"— Thus the subeditor suppresses Mr. Balfour's words as superfluous. It really is too much that even Mr. Balfour must be bedeviled by subeditors. Who wants their view of the relative importance of Mr. Balfour or any other first rate man's sentences? But Mr. Balfour is cut down now to make room for a debutante's gown or a bride's lingerie.—London Saturday Review.

The Next Census.

It will require an army of 70,000 people to take the thirteenth census in 1910. The task of making the enumeration of the 90,000,000 people in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico and in Guam, Samoa and the Panama canal zone will be one of enormous proportions. It will be the most gigantic work of enumeration that has ever been attempted in this or any other country, and it is intended to reach the acme of correctness and thoroughness. Not merely a count and compilation concerning the population alone, it will include a census of agriculture, manufacture, mines and quarries.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

England's Premier Peer.

The birth recently of a son and heir to the Duke of Norfolk was treated in England as an event of almost national importance. The Duke of Norfolk is a man of mark in many ways. He is the most important lay member of the Roman church in Great Britain and acts to all intents and purposes when occasion arises as British ambassador to the Vatican. He is also the premier peer of Great Britain, and the birth of a son insures the continuance in the direct male line of the ancient family of Howard, which stands next to the blood royal at the head of the English peerage and traces its decent back to Saxon times.—Argonaut.

The Dangerous House Fly.

Flies cause in New York city alone about 650 deaths from typhoid fever and about 7,000 deaths yearly from other diseases. Last year a fly was captured on South street, in New York (not far from one of the city's biggest meat and fish markets), that was found to be carrying in its mouth and on its legs more than 100,000 disease bacteria. Flies walk over decaying and fetid matter, for which they have a natural affinity, and then, entering meat markets and homes, travel over the food, explore the milk pitcher and also light directly on the skin of the householders.—Success Magazine.

His Periodicals.

"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the clergyman on his first round of parish visits.

"Well, I don't," replied the woman, "but my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign the pledge."—Judge.

A BROKEN PANE OF GLASS.

One That Once Cost Citizen George Francis Train $60,000.

A broken window pane once cost George Francis Train more than $60,000. It was this way: Citizen Train, "with the brains of twenty men in his head, all pulling different ways," went to Omaha in the spring of 1864. At that time he was the most talked of man in America. He had not a thing but money. He bought 5,000 city lots and altogether spent several hundred thousand dollars. He boarded at the Herndon House, the best hotel in sight. The quixotic Train was regular in only one thing—his habits. He always occupied the same seat at the table. One morning a pane of glass was broken out of a window directly behind his chair. He protested and was advised to change his seat. He would not. Instead he paid a servant 10 cents a minute to stand between him and the draft. After breakfast he expostulated with the landlord, but received no satisfaction.

"Never mind," said Train. "In sixty days I will build a hotel that will ruin your business."

And he did. The contract was let that day. Scores of men were put to work. The site selected was Ninth and Harney streets, near the Missouri river. Citizen Train went to New York and engaged Colonel Cozzens, a noted caterer of that city, as manager for his hotel.

The building alone cost $40,000. The furnishings cost $20,000 more. In the basement was a gas plant, the only one west of St. Louis. The work was done on time, and, true to his word, sixty days after he threatened the manager of the Herndon House George Francis Train, citizen of the earth, opened his hotel, which he called the Cozzens House. The grand opening ball was attended by the governor of Nebraska and his staff, the mayor of Omaha and many notables from other states. The house was a blaze of glory and a scene of almost oriental magnificence. Just when the big reception was well on there was a sudden flash, a strange noise, and then—total darkness! The gas plant had collapsed.

The Cozzens House did a flourishing business for a year or two, and the Herndon House was badly crippled. Finally Train fell out with his manager, and the place was closed.

After the business part of Omaha moved back from the river the Herndon House declined and finally collapsed into a state of innocuous desuetude. A few years later it became the property of the Union Pacific railroad.

Unterrified.

The traveler was hurrying along the unfamiliar trail that led in the general direction of his destination, when suddenly a large abyss yawned before him.

He was not in the least perturbed. He was a lecturer between travels, and was accustomed to have things yawn before him.—Chicago News.

Bride and Wet Weather.

A Breton bride rather likes to have a wet wedding. It is held to signify that all her tears are now shed and that she will therefore have a happy married life. I know of no similar belief in the British isles.

The Erza of Simbirsk call the day before the wedding the weeping day, and the bride and her girl friends weep all they can, with the idea, it would seem, of getting the mourning of life over so that only joy may remain.

The Badagas of the Neilgherries attain the same end by sousing the bride with water. Some Greek tribes have a similar belief in the virtue of a drenching bringing good fortune.

The Omnipresent Rose.

Every continent on the globe, with the exception of Australia, produces wild roses. There can be little doubt that the rose is one of the oldest flowers in the world, perhaps grown from the wind blown seeds in paradise. In Egypt it is depicted on numbers of early bas-reliefs, dating from 3000 to 3500 B. C. Rose water, or the essence of roses, is mentioned by Homer in the "Iliad," and the flower is spoken of in the Proverbs of Solomon.

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SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 102 W. King St.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG

I carry in stock a complete line of 4 inch TILE, Ys, Ts, Curves, Ls, Traps, etc.

These Tile are good quality at right prices.

Give me a call.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT

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THE BEST PILL SOLD
Rings
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